

Sept.
(1926, ~~August~~, Stockholm.

E--2089.

Wednesday, the 1st, bright and clear. I was up at 6 a.m., left the hotel at 7.15, and the train left at 7.57. I had a seat in a second class compartment, which was quite as comfortable as first class, although not quite so spacious, a difference that is of no importance unless the train is crowded. I was soon joined by a young man who spoke very good English and who said that his name was Alexander Constat, that he was from Lyons, France, that he had spent seven years in Canton, China, and had come by way of the Transiberian Railway en route to his home.

During the forenoon we passed through a relatively flat country, much like lower Finland, with many enormous, rounded and striated rocks, forests of fir, spruce, pine, and birch, small well tilled^d farms, oats partly harvested, and much farm machinery, such as grain binders, manure spreaders, and the like; the houses were substantial, attractive, painted red with white trimming, and large barns. The whole country was neat, clean, and park like. There were many small lakes and ponds. The country and the people looked prosperous. In the afternoon the country became more broken, but without high hills or mountains.

We crossed into Norway about 8 p.m., without much change in the appearance of the country, except that there were more hills and the hoses^u were painted white and the barns red--a most attractive country of fine farms, country homes, and good roads.

I had a light breakfast and an early luncheon on the diner because it was to be taken off at 11.40 a.m. At 4.20 pm. passengers had an opportunity to get another luncheon at a small hotel en route. At 1 o'clock sandwiches and beer were brought in baskets through the train, so that no one needed to go hungry. The customs examination at the border was perfunctory and the officials very courteous. As the passengers were finishing their sandwiches one

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(1026, September, Norway.

E--2090.

of the inspectors ate his lunch in the same coach with us. He had some crackers and hot milk in a thermos bottle and was quite human. He said he had lived several years in Mexico and had been in Galveston and New Orleans. The train reached Oslo at 11 p.m., half an hour late. ~~I was given~~ I went to the Grand Hotel and was given an excellent room, as the result of a telegraphic reservation the day before. I had a bottle of port wine sent up to my room with which to celebrate progress, relax, and insure a good night's sleep and pleasant dreams.

Thursday, the 2d, cloudy and cold. I was up at 8.30 a.m., but had to wait for the return of my shoes which, according to European custom are placed on retiring outside one's door to be cleaned and polished by the night porter. After breakfast I went out on the street and bought some cigars, some postcards, and some Norwegian money, left some films to be developed, and then called on the American Consul, Mr. Snyder of Charlestown, West Virginia, who arranged for an appointment with Mr. Jahn, Director of the Central Bureau of Statistics. The flower market at which I stopped on the way back was one of the most attractive I had seen. It was full of gladioli, dahlias, chrysanthemums, roses, and other blossoms. I took some photographs, including one of the palace on top of the hill at the end of the main street. The Consul said that the teaching of English was compulsory in the schools so that nearly everyone understood some English; also that during the first fifteen days of the month his office is kept busy with visas for emigrants to the United States.

At the appointed time I walked to the Central Bureau of Statistics and met the Director, Mr. Gunmar Jahn, who impressed me as being a very intelligent and substantial gentleman. He gave me a

(1026, September, Norway. E--2090.

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(1926, September, Oslo.

E--2091.

brief but very clear account of the organization and work of his bureau and assurances of cooperation. We took luncheon together at the bureau restaurant, which was rather disappointing because of the lack of ordinary equipment, such as chairs, plates, knives, forks, and the like.

After luncheon Mr. Jahn accompanied me to the Ministry of Agriculture where I had a satisfactory interview with Mr. Bjanes, Director of Agriculture. He expressed a wish that I inspect one of the new home economic schools that had recently been established, but I declined the invitation because it would have been necessary to prolong my stay in Oslo. I expressed a desire to see the agricultural museum of which I had heard, and he asked me to call him by telephone the next morning.

I returned to my room about 4 p.m. After a brief rest I went out with my kodak for some pictures, one of a large church, another of a picturesque old fortress, and the bay and other points of interest. I had an excellent supper, after which I took a walk on the streets, but found them very quiet and uninteresting. with no shop window displays and apparently no place of amusement. Some of the young women I saw on the streets were very fresh and pretty looking. They were shapely, carried themselves well, looked intelligent, and had white complexions with peach-blossom cheeks, blue eyes, and golden hair. On the other hand many of the older women were inclined to be scrawny and wore a look of determination that is not pleasing.

Friday, the 3d, clear and pleasant. After breakfast I telephoned to Mr. Jahn, but could not understand the reply that I heard. Soon afterwards the Director of Agriculture telephoned that a Mr. Ole Hersing would call for me at 11 a.m. He came with a Mr. Pogeberg, a graduate of Harvard ^{who} ~~and~~ had been in the statistical bureau for

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three years specializing on financial statistics. We walked to the water front and there took a ferry across the bay to a pretty suburb on the other side. From the beach we followed a neat street up a rather steep slope, with neat cottages and pretty front yards of lawns and flowers, until we came to the Folk Museum. It is situated in a park near the principal street. There were several buildings full of ~~agrikultural~~ exhibits of agricultural implements and natural history specimens, but most interesting of all were the log houses and a wooden church that had been brought from different parts of Norway and set up in the park, each with its original handmade furniture and conveniences, to illustrate the home life of the Norwegian people in former generations. The furniture was all of wood, hand made, and very heavy and substantial. It is covered with much hand carving, as if the people who made it had plenty of time, as no doubt they did in the long winter months. The rooms were usually quite large and equipped with shelves, closets, open fireplaces, tables and benches, and the beds are built in a corner, like a large book case or interior closet, with a small door through which to crawl and some steps to reach the opening. Curiously enough the beds were only about five feet long so that grown people could not lie at full length. Like the museum at Stockholm this one contained many specimens of primitive plows, wooden spades and hoes, chrúns, and wooden threshing machines, old hand mills, spinning wheels, lamps, sleds, carts with wooden wheels, old scythes and sickles, and other primitive tools and implements. At noon we had a piece of cake and a glass of beer at a little restaurant on the grounds. A young woman teacher with a class of girls was inspecting the houses and all seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly.

After seeing all that was to be seen at the museum we took an automobile and drove a few miles to a modern dairy farm. It

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had 125 acres in cultivation and 700 acres in timber, a ⁿeat farm house and several very large barns, and about 70 head of livestock, including 30 dairy cows that were milked daily. The milk was re-tailed in the suburbs of Oslo for about 35 cents a gallon. The warehouse for the storage of grain and feed was on concrete pillars with inverted metal caps, and the concrete steps were set some feet away, with a hinged metal platform that could be raised when not in use, so that the building was completely rat and mouse proof. Near the barns was a large apple orchard in very bad condition, both ~~grees~~ and fruit showing damage from insects and fungous diseases. The young man who showed us over the place said the orchard had been sprayed twice ~~that~~ season, but it was clear that something was wrong--either the right kind of chemicals had not been used, or they had not been properly mixed or applied, or had been applied at the wrong time. The orchard was a large one and was said to contain specimens of all the standard American varieties. The trees had a good setting of fruit, but ~~not~~ ^{none of} the apples was larger than a crab apple and all were malformed, knobby, specked, and hardly recognizable as apples, and in the entire orchard it would have been impossible to find a bushel of apples without blemish. The surrounding country was fair to look upon. To one side was a small mountain covered with fir trees and to the other a valley covered with green meadows, and in the distance one caught a glimpse of the blue fyord.

On the return trip we drove past the summer home of the King, who was born in 1872, and whose queen was three years older; past a branch of the fyord, a lake, and a country golf club, to a broad meadow by some woods west of the city as far as the great wireless station, and back through attractive suburbs of well paved streets and neat homes. We had luncheon together in the operahouse restaurant.

(1926, September, Oslo.

E-2095.

had 125 acres in cultivation and 700 acres in timber, a best farm house and several very large barns, and about 70 head of livestock, including 50 dairy cows that were milked daily. The milk was re-

tailed in the suburbs of Oslo for about 25 cents a gallon. The water-

house for the storage of grain and feed was on concrete pillars with inverted metal caps, and the concrete steps were set some feet

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(1926, September, Oslo.

E--2094.

I tried some reindeer meat, which I thought a little coarse and much like beef. We separated at 4.30 p.m. and I returned to my room to do some typewriting.

At 8.30 p.m. I went down to the hotel dining room and had supper ~~practically~~^{almost} alone. Practically all tables were labelled "Reserved" for the music and dancing that was to begin at 10 p.m. After supper I took a stroll on the street, but it was too cold for comfort and nothing of interest was to be seen, so I soon returned.

The city was full of young people and their parents, many of them from small towns throughout Norway, who had come to attend the opening of the University. The young people were fresh, bright, beautiful and promising in looks and it was obvious that their parents were deeply interested in them. Many of the older people showed plainly that their lives had been one of hard work, and yet they were all well dressed. In fact, I wondered how it was that farm folk whose lives had been so narrow and hard and whose financial situation had been described as so desperate, could afford to send their sons and daughters to the university and could accompany them to the capital city, but so it was. The presence of such unusual numbers of both old and young people gave the city almost a holiday appearance.

Saturday, September 4, partly cloudy and cool. I was up at 6 a.m., dressed, settled my bill, which was more than I expected, ~~and~~ and was soon settled in the train that was to leave at 7.40 a.m. I did not like the hotel arrangement of sending the hand baggage to the station in a separate van, because it was in violation of the ironclad rule outside of the United States never to lose sight of one's baggage, but at that early hour no other conveyance was available. Most of the other passengers that left at the same time I did were bound for Bergen. At the station two trains stood side side by

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E--2095.

one for Bergen and one for Copenhagen side/and were to leave almost at the same time. I succeeded in identifying my baggage as it was unloaded from the van and in getting it installed in a compartment on the train for Copenhagen, although I had been unable to get a reservation.

The train started, and I had a feeling of satisfaction that I ~~was~~ was turning my back on the far north and was headed south for sunnier climes. During the forenoon we passed through a country of rounded hills and smooth rocks, forests of fir and white birch, farms with clover meadows, fields of oats about half harvested, a few orchards, neat dwelling houses painted white, and big red barns. No wonder Swedish and Norwegian immigrants make such good farmers and citizens when they come to the United States, with such a background of good farming and good homes.

We passed Frederickstad at 9.50 a.m., Sarpsbourg at 10.15, Kornsjø at 11.55, and reached Goteborg at 3 o'clock. This last seemed to be a large place and so many passengers crowded aboard that those wishing to leave had difficulty. It was quite cool and I wore my raincoat buttoned up to my chin. In the afternoon the country through which we passed was much flatter and the farm houses were more often painted red with white trimmings. In Norway as in Sweden nearly every dwelling has a flagstaff in front.

For the next hour we traveled through a flat country with many outcroppings of stone, stone fences, and a view of the bay to the west. There seemed to be much shallow water and marshes.

We reached Halsingborg on the Swedish mainland at 9.15 p.m. where our coach was pushed on to a large ferry and taken across the Kattegat to Helsingør on the Danish island of Sjælland (Zealand). Customs officers came through on the ferry and examined passports and asked if the baggage contained old clothes. An old gentleman who sat opposite me said that Helsingør was more than 900 years old

who sat opposite me said that Helmsingor was more than 200 years old and asked if the baggage contained old clothes. An old gentleman Customs officers came through on the ferry and examined passports the Kattgat to Helmsingor on the Danish island of Sjælland (Zealand). where our coach was pushed on to a large ferry and taken across We reached Halsingborg on the Swedish mainland at 9.15 p.m. the west. There seemed to be much shallow water and marshes. many outcroppings of stone, stone fences, and a view of the bay to For the next hour we traveled through a flat country with Sweden nearly every dwelling has a flagstaff in front. were more often painted red with white trimmings. In Norway as in country through which we passed was much flatter and the farm houses I wore my raincoat buttoned up to my chin. In the afternoon the that those wishing to leave had difficulty. It was quite cool and seemed to be a large place and so many passengers crowded aboard Norrsta at 11.25, and reached Goteborg at 3 o'clock. This last We passed Frederikstad at 9.50 a.m., Sarpsborg at 10.15, with such a background of good farming and good homes. good farmers and citizens when they come to the United States, red barns. No wonder Swedish and Norwegian immigrants make such ed, a few orchards, neat dwelling houses painted white, and big birch, farms with clover meadows, fields of oats about half harvest- try of rounded hills and smooth rocks, forests of fir and white for summer climates. During the forenoon we passed through a coun- I had been unable to get a reservation. The train started, and I had a feeling of satisfaction that I had been turning my back on the far north and was headed south for summer climates. During the forenoon we passed through a coun- identifying my baggage as it was unloaded from the van and in getting it installed in a compartment on the train for Copenhagen, although I had been unable to get a reservation. E--2092. (1946, September, Oslo, one for Bergen and one for Copenhagen and were to leave almost at the same time. I succeeded in

(1926, September, Denmark.

E--2096.

and very interesting. It was soon too dark outside to see anything.

P It was 11 p.m. when we reached the station in Copenhagen. Only one porter appeared to help with the baggage on our coach and there was some delay in getting out. I took a taxi to the Terminus Hotel, and found it just across the street from the end of the station about a block from the entrance, but no room was available. At my request the clerk did some telephoning and engaged a room for me at the Belvidere Hotel. It was a small hotel nearly opposite the great municipal building and facing the principal square of the city.. It had no restaurant, so that it was necessary to go outside for meals. The room that was assigned to me was a double one on the second floor with two beds and two of everything, but when a traveller arrives in a strange city late at night he is glad to take anything that he can get until he has an opportunity to look about him in daylight. However, this room ~~was~~ was on a corner and had many windows, was well furnished and comfortable, and afforded a fine view of the busy life on the plaza and side streets morning and evening, and of the ^{imposing} ~~great~~ municipal building, and the great pleasure resort, the Tivoli, at night, a view unsurpassed in any European city.

Sunday, September 5, partly cloudy and warm enough to be pleasant, with frequent showers. Slept late and had breakfast at 9.30 a.m. The streets and hotels were full of visitors attracted by the industrial exhibits on the grounds of the Tivoli, which is a large amusement park near the railway station. I had breakfast at the Terminus Hotel, bought some Danish money, and on my return stopped to inspect a museum full of sculptures ^{and} a collection of paintings, a few of which were good. Business establishments, except restaurants, were closed because it was Sunday. I had a good luncheon in the Hotel Central, across the street from the Belvidere, After luncheon I walked along the main street for a considerable distance

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E--1097.

looking into the shop windows, which exhibited the same wares one sees in all modern cities. At 2.30 p.m. I returned to my room to write a report to the Secretary General, a copy of which I also mailed to the Washington office; and letters to the ministers of agriculture at The Hague and Brussels notifying them of my coming visit. After a satisfactory supper at the Central Hotel I strolled down the main street and back, but so far as I could see I might as well have been in any city of similar size in the United States.

~~(Dragoni, Sept. 5, gray folder. omit~~

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(Traxoni, Capt. J. Gray, Folder, 1027)

(1926, September, Copenhagen.

E--2098.

Monday, Sept. 6, After breakfast I called at the American Consulate and learned that it was closed on account of Labor Day, which I had forgotten. However, in response to my knocking a young man opened the door and very obligingly telephoned to the Central Bureau of Statistics and ascertained that Dr. Jensen and Mr. ~~Cohen~~ ^{Cohen} were absent attending some sort of an economic conference, and the young man agreed to ascertain later when they could see me and telephone me at my hotel. Also he ascertained by telephone that Baron Rosenkrantz, Danish delegate to the Institute, would probably be at his office at 12.30 p.m. At the American Express office I purchased 185 Danish cronen for \$50.00. On the way back I left some films to be developed, and bought a supply of cigars.

At 12.30 p.m. I called on Baron Rosenkranz in his private office at the National Bank of Denmark. He was a tall, distinguished looking elderly gentleman who spoke English perfectly and might readily have been mistaken for an Englishman. He said that the statistical bureau had been organized under his direction and that his secretary, then chief of agricultural statistics, was more familiar with the details of the census project and the relations of the bureau with the International Institute of Agriculture than he was, and therefore he referred me to him, but he could assure me that the Danish government would cooperate in the proposed agricultural census.

At 1.15 p.m. I visited the office of the Director of the Department of Statistics, Dr. Adolph Ludwig Otto Jensen, who had with him Mr. K. J. Keistensen, chief of the agricultural division. Also Mr. Cohen was present for a few minutes, but had to leave. After a brief but satisfactory discussion of the census project and the organization of the statistical bureau, Dr. Jensen departed for the economic conference. I accompanied Mr. Keistensen to his office where we discussed the census program and questionnaire

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(1926, September, Copenhagen.

E--2099.

item by item. After this review was completed I was shown over the establishment and was interested in an automatic punching, tabulating and classifying machine invented by a Norwegian which was very similar to the American Powers and Hollerith machines. Mr. Keistensen said that the machine had some defects but was much cheaper than the American machines. At my request he arranged by telephone for an interview the next day with the Minister of Agriculture. Before leaving Dr. Jensen invited me to attend a meeting of visiting economists at the Municipal Building in the evening, and to accompany the delegates on a visit to a model dairy farm the following day.

On the way back to the hotel I purchased some Havana cigars, the only ones on sale, at nine cents each. Also I stopped at a travel agency and left an order for transportation to the Hague. I had had nothing to eat since a light breakfast, so I stopped at a restaurant and had some bread and cheese and a glass of beer. At my room I rang for a servant to have my dress suit pressed, and had a bottle of cognac sent up.

Near the statistical department I saw the Bourse, the Chamber of Commerce, a large brick structure on the ship canal that runs through the city. This building is unique because of its enormous gables and a steeple representing the twisted tails of four great dragons. Not far from these buildings is the parliament building, and across the canal was a large sugar refinery. I noted also a church with a large square clock tower and enormous buttresses at the bottom and sides. It was raining so steadily that photographs could not be taken.. A characteristic feature of street life in Copenhagen was the extraordinary number of bicycles. I noted also that the men and women not only have light or yellow hair and blue eyes, but their cheeks are naturally pink and their lips *red*

(1926, September, Copenhagen. E--2099.

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(1926, September, Copenhagen. E--2100.

so that they do not have to resort to paint and lipstick. They appeared to be a healthy, happy, industrious and prosperous people.

At my room I did some writing and then had a satisfactory supper at the hotel across the street. Then dressed in evening attire, had a smoke, and at 8.30 p.m. went across the street to the magnificent Municipal Building. It is the largest and finest building for this purpose I have seen. It covers an entire city block, is six stories in height, and has a high clock tower. Inside is a great hall with arches that reach to a glass roof, with a balcony supported by columns, and the walls are decorated with patterns of colored tiles that are very effective. The flags of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finnland were displayed. During the day I had learned that Greenland is a colony of Denmark, and that Iceland is an independent country, but has the same king and the same foreign minister and foreign policy as Denmark.

I followed the crowd up a flight of broad stairs to the third floor and was ushered into a great hall decorated with coats of arms of the different provinces of Denmark. About 150 people were assembled. Almost as soon as I was seated the mayor of Copenhagen made a speech of welcome. This was responded to by a representative of Finnland. While the speechmaking was in progress the audience stood. They were a very intelligent and distinguished looking body of men, mostly university professors, government officials, bankers, business men, statisticians and economists. I met Baron Rosenkranz, Dr. Jensen and his wife, Mr. Cohen and his wife, all of whom I had met previously in Rome and during the day, Mr. Jahn of Oslo, Prof. Warmig of the university, and Prof. Johansen, all of whom were cordial and introduced me to others. I was surprised at the number who could speak English and who had visited the United States, so I was made to feel not only welcome but quite at home. In a large

(1926, September, Copenhagen.

E--2101.

room adjoining the hall were tables and refreshments, but no liquors were served other than tea and coffee. There was the usual crowd about the tables. Cigars were passed around and I succeeded in getting one. *¶* Mr. Jahn informed me that the original Norse language ~~is~~ was the foundation of all the Scandinavian languages, but as a written language was understood only by the Norwegians; that this economic conference was one that meets every two years with representatives from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, to consider common problems, and that their languages are so similar that each can understand the other without an interpreter. *¶* Mr. Keistensen said that 95 per cent of the farms in Denmark were operated by their owners and only five per cent by tenants. *¶* At 10 p.m. I bid my friends good night and returned to my room. One of the pleasant features of Copenhagen was the chimes that rang out the hours in the clock tower of the Municipal Building.

After returning to the hotel and the privacy of my room I suddenly realized that I was enjoying my tour of foreign duty. I was seeing foreign countries, cities, and peoples, of which I had read; their history was illustrated and illuminated by what I saw; because of my official mission I was received with courtesy and honor by government officials; I stopped at the best hotels; most of my expenses were paid by the government; so far as available I could smoke cigars and drink beer, wine, or spirits without comment or a feeling of moral turpitude; and I had the feeling that I was successfully accomplishing an important and useful mission ~~and~~ *My* only regret was that my family and friends could not participate in this unique experience, and that it involved separation from family and friends and possible financial loss. But my feeling was a rare one of satisfaction.

(Wife, Sept. 6, ✓ gray folder.

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(1926, Copenhagen, Sept.

E--2102.

Tuesday, Sept. 7, partly cloudy and cool. After breakfast I bought some Danish money and some German marks. Then I tried to take some photographs of public buildings, a little difficult because of their size. At 11 a.m. I called on Dr. Helsted, the Director of Agriculture. He was inclined to be very dignified at first but gradually thawed out as I asked questions about the work of his department and he got interested in telling me about it.

From this office I walked along the canal in the direction of my hotel. As I approached the hotel there was a sudden downpour of rain so heavy that I took refuge under an awning within forty feet of the hotel entrance and stood there for nearly fifteen minutes for the shower to pass rather than be soaked to the skin in crossing that short distance. Then I walked ~~across~~ to the parliament house and found the economists getting into automobiles. I rode with Dr. and Mrs. Jensen and Mr. Jahn. They all could speak English, although most of the conversation was in Scandinavian.

We left at 12.35 p.m., passed through long city streets, crossed a lake and a park, and on out through suburbs. The city was remarkably clean, neat, and attractive. We continued out about twenty miles through an undulating country of grain and grass crops and beautiful beech woods, of neat farm houses with thatched roofs, to Kyllerød, where there is a picturesque castle surrounded by a moat and a lake. It is a small but beautiful estate with beech woods, drives, barns, and other outbuildings, and a residence at the end of a long avenue ~~of~~ of trees, the buildings all painted white. The owner was said to ~~own~~ ^{possess} two other castles in Jutland. [#] In the town of Kyllerød was an excellent hotel where our party stopped for luncheon. A long table was spread in a hall and decorated with flowers. I sat with Mrs. Cohen, Dr. Jensen, Dr. Johansen, and opposite Mrs. Jensen, and an old couple who sat in the same compartment with me from Goten-

(1926, Copenhagen, Sept.

H--2102.

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(1926, Sept., Copenhagen.

E--2103.

bourg who recognized me and spoke very pleasantly. There were about 150 in the party. Mrs. Cohen said that Baron Rosenkranz was a direct descendant of the baron of the same name mentioned in Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet." After luncheon we walked about the castle grounds. The castle was really a group of buildings constructed of brown brick, with many towers and turrets, a large clock tower, massive iron gates, broad moats, and iron bridges. In the courtyard was a beautiful fountain with bronze statues. On one side of the castle was a pretty lake with a beautiful beech forest beyond. The town was neat and pretty, with comfortable looking houses painted white and having red tiled roofs.

From Kylleroð we rode a few miles to a government model dairy experiment station. The buildings were of brick and equipped with the best modern appliances for separating the cream, for refrigeration, and for making butter and cheese. The buildings were surrounded by several acres of ornamental gardens and meadows with large dairy barns. About eleven hundred cows were milked and produced about seven million ^upounds of milk ^uannually.

On the return trip we stopped at a small village to inspect an agricultural museum and a folk museum. It was getting late and our time short so that we could not to examine the exhibits very closely. Most interesting were the specimens of old Danish and Swedish houses and their handmade furniture. They were constructed of logs and some of them were irregular in shape. The beds and other articles of furniture were very similar to those we saw in the museum at Oslo. One of the old houses was full of children's toys. Among these specomen buildings was an old stable, with an ancient cart, a carriage, a set of harness, and some farm implements. Unfortunately there were frequent showers all day, which made it difficult to get pictures.

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(1926, Sept., Copenhagen.

E--2104.

Most of the cattle seen were red in color and in fine condition and the horses were of the heavy Belgian type. Vegetation was flourishing and gardens were full of flowers, especially dahlias, asters, French marigolds, golden rod, hollyhocks, and cosmos. Curriously enough I saw no zinnias. At the folk museum were some large peony plants, and there were many hedges of hawthorne with red berries along the roadsides. A noticeable ~~xperxxxxx~~ ornamental tree was a species of ash with clusters of red berries. The country generally looked like a well kept garden or park, with good roads made of black stone, bicycle paths parallel with the roads, and in many places nice restaurants with pretty grounds. One could spend a summer here very agreeably.

It was late when I was returned to my hotel rather tired. I had an excellent supper of steak, onions, potatoes, bread and butter, and a bottle of beer, all of which put me in good humor. This was to be my last evening in Copenhagen^{h 2}, and a very pleasant one it was. After packing up my belongings^g I sat in a comfortable chair in the brilliantly lighted room, smoking, sipping cognac, writing up my notes, and from time to time looking out over the public square and down the broad avenue with its hundreds of electric lights reflected from the wet pavement, and periodically the beautiful chimes of the clocktower marked the passage of time. For the first time in weeks I felt perfectly comfortable and entirely satisfied with my situation. I shall always have pleasant recollections of Copenhagen, its clean streets, and its cheerful, industrious, wholesome people.

Wednesday, September 8, clear and cool. At 8.30 a.m. I walked to the photographer's for my photographs and then to the travel agency and found both closed. I discovered that after paying my hotel bill I would be short of money, so I went over to the Hotel

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(1926, Sept., Copenhagen.

E--2105.

Engleterre and cashed a check for twenty dollars. At the American Consulate I found some letters from home and one from Queen of Hearts saying that she had married her friend in Paris, a retired officer, who fled the unfavorable weather at Florence and Assissi.

My train left at 9.10 a.m. As a traveling ^Pcompanion I had a British insurance agent in my compartment. Later we were joined by an attractive young woman who sat opposite to me. For the first three hours we traveled through a slightly undulating country of fine farms and groves of beech. Many of the fields were in permanent meadow and others in turnips. The farm houses looked comfortable and homelike, mostly painted white, and usually there was a large dairy barn near by. Occasionally one saw a lone windmill. The red cows were tethered in long rows across the meadows rich with clover and grass knee high. From time to time one sees a church or a small castle, and ponds and small lakes. Much of the soil was sandy. By ferry we crossed what appeared to be an arm of the sea two or three miles broad. A strong wind was blowing and the blue water ~~x~~ and white capped waves were racing in pretty fashion. In ~~in~~ the dining car I met Mr. and Mrs. Peterson and their daughter from ^h~~C~~Chicago. He had visited Norway, his native land after an absence of 53 years. During the afternoon we rode through a fine farming country in Germany, the fields being larger than those in Denmark, many of them in lupines and clover, with big black and white Frisian cows in the meadows, tethered in rows as in Denmark. Many men and women were to be seen working in the fields. I saw one group of peasant women pitching manure from carts over the ground. My British companion proved to be very agreeable. He was on his way to attend a gathering of other insurance men at Hamburg. One of the pictures of the day came at sunset. It was an enormous windmill on a small hill standing out against the flaming sky. It looked like a real

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(1926, Sept., Holland.

E--2106.

giant, the body black, dark and indistinct and the great sail-like arms outstretched against the sky.

Our train reached Hamburg at 8.10 p.m. with a long wait between trains. My British acquaintance invited me to accompany him to his meeting, but I declined. After checking my hand baggage at the station I found a small restaurant ^{and} ~~Λ~~ had a long glass of beer, which cost one mark, or more than twenty cents. Then I took a stroll for exercise and observation. The street was lined with small shops and business houses and was clean and well lighted. I walked until I came to a broad lagoon with a ferry boat at the landing. Both going and returning I saw many women and men stalking each other, as is the custom at night in many European and American cities. On the return trip I again stopped in a restaurant, had a glass of good German beer, and listened to some good music. At the railway station I bought some picture postcards and mailed them to my sister for her collection. I was fortunate in having a sleeping compartment to myself and retired early.

Thursday, Sept. 9, cloudy, dark, and cool. I was awakened by customs officials at the boundary at 6.15 a.m. and could not fall asleep again. Shaved, dressed, had a nip of cognac, smoked a cigar, and felt ready for what the day might bring forth. I had a satisfactory breakfast in the dining car and then I and my baggage were transferred to another coach destined for The Hague. Shortly after 8 o'clock we passed Appeldorn and reached Amersfoort at 9.²⁵~~we~~ a.m. We were travelling through a flat sandy country of meadows, with many Holstine-Friesian cows and a few Guernseys and Alderneys. Here the cows were pastured in small inclosures, instead of being tethered in rows as in ^D~~Den~~mark and north Germany. I noted also that the stacks of grain were protected by thatched roofs. The farms were small in size, towns and villages close together, and each house

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(1926, Sept., Holland.

E--2107.

had a garden. The houses were usually one story in height with hip roofs, walls of pressed brown brick, and roofs of tile. At 10 a.m. we were at Utrecht, the treaty city, surrounded by a flat country of sand and sand dunes. Gradually we passed into a market garden and trucking section, of beans, cabbage, cauliflower, turnips, and other vegetables, with gorgeous dahlias about the houses. Also we passed large areas of moorlands, swamps, marshes, and poor sandy land, mostly open and covered with bracken and ferns and low growing shrubby plants with pink blossoms, and of isolated pines and pine groves. The carpet of pink furz and the deep green of the shrubs, reeds, and pines made a pretty picture. At 10.30 a.m. we passed through a perfectly flat section cut up into small fields separated by little canals which took the place both of fences and roads because they served as barriers between fields and produce and manure were transported on them in boats.

The train reached the Hague at 11 a.m. I went to the Bellevue Hotel where I had stopped on two former occasions. The street in front of the hotel was torn up for repairs and I almost regretted having gone there because of the dirt ~~and~~ and noise ~~and~~ and inconvenience. However, the hotel had but few guests and I was given a commodious room with bath and windows opening into the interior court where it was quiet and clean. I found a bank and exchanged my Danish and German money for guilders. After luncheon I went to the American Consulate, which I had some difficulty in finding. It was in charge of an old man, a Dane, who said he had been in the service 24 years. He looked very feeble because of age and recent illness, and was inclined to be garrulous. He did not seem to know much about the Dutch department of agriculture, but finally succeeded in finding the address of a Mr. Weel in the telephone directory. I succeeded in finding Mr. Weel, who took me into the office of Mr.

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(1926, Sept., The Hague.

E--2108.

Mansholt. There I was agreeably surprised at being recognized by his young lady secretary. She said that Mr. Mansholt had resigned to take effect in the near future. She listed me for an appointment, but as I was leaving I met Mr. Mansholt entering and he insisted upon my returning with him. We had a long and satisfactory interview. He was keenly interested in an account of my visit to Moscow. He said that Congressman Aswell of Louisiana had visited him the day before and was very enthusiastic about the pending Haugen-McNary bill. From him I learned that Dr. Van Rijn, the permanent delegate from Holland to the Institute, was on vacation in France, and that Dr. Levinski had been elected to parliament and as a burgomaster. We separated with the understanding that I should call the following day at 11.15, and that he would try to arrange by telephone for an appointment with Mr. Methorst, secretary of the International Statistical Institute.

At the Consulate I received some mail from home and from the Institute. After writing up my notes I went into the hotel restaurant and had a very poor supper for a very high price. After supper I asked the porter if there was any theater open in the city. He said there were several, but it was too late because they opened promptly at 8 p.m. I walked up the street for about half a mile. The street was brilliantly light^{ed} and full of people. After sitting awhile in a ~~cafe~~ and listening to some rather depressing music I returned to my room.

Friday, Sept. 10, cloudy and cool forenoon, clear and hot afternoon. After breakfast I took some pictures of the canals and the boats propelled by men and their families by means of poles. Usually the boat was steered by a woman or a girl.

At the appointed time I joined Mr. Mansholt at the Department of Agriculture. In an automobile we were driven to a suburban

(1926, Sept., The Hague.

E-2108.

Mansholt. There I was agreeably surprised at being recognized by his young lady secretary. She said that Mr. Mansholt had re- signed to take effect in the near future. She listed me for an appointment, but as I was leaving I met Mr. Mansholt entering and he insisted upon my returning with him. We had a long and sat- isfactory interview. He was keenly interested in an account of my visit to Moscow. He said that Congressman Aswell of Louisiana had visited him the day before and was very enthusiastic about the pend- ing Haugen-McNary bill. From him I learned that Dr. Van Rijn, the permanent delegate from Holland to the Institute, was on vacation in France, and that Dr. Devinski had been elected to parliament and as a burgomaster. We separated with the understanding that I should call the following day at 11.15, and that he would try to arrange by telephone for an appointment with Mr. Methorst, secre- tary of the International Statistical Institute.

At the Consulate I received some mail from home and from the Institute. After writing up my notes I went into the hotel restau- rant and had a very poor supper for a very high price. After sup- per I asked the porter if there was any theater open in the city. He said there were several, but it was too late because they open- ed promptly at 8 p.m. I walked up the street for about half a mile. The street was brilliantly lighted and full of people. After sitting awhile in a cafe and listening to some rather depressing music I returned to my room.

Friday, Sept. 10, cloudy and cool forenoon, clear and hot afternoon. After breakfast I took some pictures of the canals and the boats propelled by men and their families by means of poles. Usually the boat was steered by a woman or a girl.

At the appointed time I joined Mr. Mansholt at the Depart- ment of Agriculture. In an automobile we were driven to a suburban

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village and witnessed an ~~xxxx~~ auction of market garden produce and fruits, which was very interesting and is described more in detail in my report to the Institute. The whole section was a net work of canals and all produce and other goods were transported by boats propelled by men with poles. Large areas about The Hague were under glass where enormous quantities of fruits and vegetables were grown. These products are wonderful in size and color, but the fruits seemed to lack flavor, just as much of the fruit grown under irrigation in our western states seem to lack the flavor of the same varieties grown in our eastern states. At the auction most of the produce handled on this occasion consisted of tomatoes, canteloups, grapes, peaches, pears, squashes, and beans. The cottages of the growers along the main canal were very neat and had pretty plots of grass and flowers about them. ^H We drove through the outskirts of the city and when I remarked upon the surprising neatness of all the buildings and the absence of slums Mr. Mansholt said this condition was brought about by the municipal authorities who employed a small force of inspectors to periodically examine all buildings and those that did not come up to certain standards of sanitation, comfort, and appearance, were condemned and not permitted to be occupied or used for any purpose. Of course, under such an order the condemned buildings immediately lost their value and were soon replaced by buildings more in accordance with common decency and the municipal regulations. He called my attention to the fact that when a new house is constructed the foundation is made of concrete and sand from the dunes so that the bottom of the house will be at least four feet above the level of the water in the canals. ^H We stopped to inspect a small packing house and saw fruits and vegetables being crated for shipment to England. On one side of the packing house was a canal and barges containing produce, and on

village and witnessed an auction of market garden produce and fruits, which was very interesting and is described more in detail in my report to the Institute. The whole auction was a net work of canals and all produce and other goods were transported by boats propelled by men with poles. Large areas about The Hague were under glass where enormous quantities of fruits and vegetables were grown. These products are wonderful in size and color, but the fruits seemed to lack flavor, just as much of the fruit grown under irrigation in our western states seem to lack the flavor of the same varieties grown in our eastern states. At the auction most of the produce handled on this occasion consisted of tomatoes, cantaloupes, grapes, peaches, pears, apples, and beans. The cottages of the growers along the main canal were very neat and had pretty plots of grass and flowers about them. We drove through the outskirts of the city and when I remarked upon the surprising neatness of all the buildings and the absence of slums Mr. Mansholt said this condition was brought about by the municipal authorities who employed a small force of inspectors to periodically examine all buildings and those that did not come up to certain standards of sanitation, comfort, and appearance, were condemned and not permitted to be occupied or used for any purpose. Of course, under such an order the condemned buildings immediately lost their value and were soon replaced by buildings more in accordance with common decency and the municipal regulations. He called my attention to the fact that when a new house is constructed the foundation is made of concrete and sand from the dunes so that the bottom of the house will be at least four feet above the level of the water in the canals. We stopped to inspect a small packing house and saw fruits and vegetables being crated for shipment to England. On one side of the packing house was a canal and barges containing produce, and on

the other side was a train of freight cars into which the crates were being loaded. The process of unloading, sorting, crating, and loading was systematic, efficient, and expeditious, and all this produce fresh from the fields and glass houses of Holland would be on the English markets within 24 to 48 hours. I asked what percentage of the people of holland of school age and over could read and write, and my companion replied, 99 per cent."

We returned to the Department of Agriculture and had luncheon together at the Hotel du Ville near by. The large dining room was deserted and we were alone. From the hotel we passed through an archway across a street and passed into a quadrangle of buildings in the center of which was a small and picturesque church which he said was erected in the 12th century. *P* At my request Mr. Mansholt telephoned to the Ministry of Colonies to ask about cooperation in the Dutch East and West Indies, and the official at the Department replied to the effect that the Bureau had no authority in such matters and that I should deal with the colonies as separate governments. Also Mr. Mansholt was good enough to telephone to the headquarters of the International Institute of Statistics and ascertain that its secretary (the only official of the Institute resident at The Hague) was absent and not expected to return for about a week.

After leaving the Department of Agriculture I visited two art museums near a small lake. To me most of the paintings were disappointing. Among those I did not like were several by Rembrant. The paintings I especially disliked were those of dead and bleeding game, of which there were many. The technique was good, of course, the "art" was all right, but the subject matter--dead, dying, and bleeding animals-- was offensive. Most of the paintings in these two galleries were portraits of men and women that looked pretty much alike, and the faces and features represented were without

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beauty, character, or expression, so that an array of them was monotonous and uninteresting. One of the paintings represented Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden with a serpent twined about a tree. Both Adam and Eve were plainly Dutch.

After a short ~~walk~~ rest in my room I took a walk through the park across from the hotel and got some pictures of the canal and of the university. The park is a large one and after walking around it I stopped to rest in a cafe and for a glass of beer.

At the hotel I had an excellent supper, but was entirely alone. At 9 p.m. I walked to the Central Cafe where there was music and dancing ^{and} where I remained for an hour or more. Much to my surprise I was joined by an attractive young woman who spoke English quite well and we had a glass of beer, ~~together~~. She proposed that we dance together, but after my long tramp in the afternoon I felt no inclination for further exercise. She then suggested that she accompany me to my room, but I pointed out that this might be embarrassing to all concerned, inasmuch as I appeared to be the only guest in the hotel at that time, to which she readily agreed. "And for the same reason," she said, "I cannot invite you to my home because your ~~presence~~ presence would be embarrassing to all concerned, to you, to me, and to my parents," to which I readily agreed. After spending an hour together very agreeably we separated with an "Auf ^g vidersehen," a hand shake, and a smile. "Well, at any rate, she was pretty to look at, could talk English, was agreeable, and very sensible, and not bad for a brief diversion to a man alone in a strange city with nothing special to do," was my mental comment as I walked back to the hotel.

Saturday, Sept. 11, clear and pleasant. I was up early and after a most unsatisfactory breakfast at the hotel was soon settled in a compartment on the train for Brussels. In the same compartment

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was a certified public accountant from Chicago with his wife and child. I hardly know how it happened, but almost instantly we were engaged in conversation. He said he was employed as an adviser by the Illinois Agricultural Society, so that he was acquainted not only with the officials of that society but also of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and we were on common ground. He said that the brokerage sharks who unloaded on the Farm Bureau through my friend, Mr. Gray Silver, were notorious gamblers. He said that the greatest need of the Farm Bureau Federation was a well constructed national long time policy ^{and} that because of my experience and unusual opportunities for studying agriculture in all countries I was the ideal man to formulate such a policy. I replied that so far as I had gone any policy I might formulate for American farmers would involve reduced production because of reduced markets, because all European countries, which constituted their principal market for surpluses, ~~were~~ were engaged in a campaign to become self sufficing so that they would not have to buy from America; and that such a policy at this time would be exceedingly unpopular with the farmers and scoffed at by the economists, who were obsessed with the Malthusian doctrine that population increases faster than food production and that therefore mankind faces starvation as an inevitable consequence of increased population, as outlined in various emanations from my friend Dr. O. E. Baker of the U. S. Department of Agriculture; that no one would believe me if I said that the one State of Texas could, if necessary and prices were right, produce enough food to feed the entire population of the globe; that the higher prices of the war period had stimulated production in the United States to a point of overproduction as compared with demand, which could mean nothing but ruinously low prices to the producers, and as a consequence they would exert themselves to produce more

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(1926, Sept. The League-Bureau). E--2112.

Z1926, Sept. The Hague-Brussels. E--2113.

and more from their acres and equipment in order to meet their financial obligations, and they ^{would continue to sell their produce for} ~~will try to do it at~~ less than cost of production, always hoping for better prices. Nothing but years of ruinously low prices and distress will induce American or any other farmers to cultivate less land and produce less ~~products~~^{to}, and nothing but a great crisis will open the eyes of the collegiate desk economists and public authorities to the truth. If I announced a policy of crop retrenchment it would mean official suicide. ~~If I should announce~~ If you doubt what I say just try it out on your Illinois Agricultural Society by suggesting that the farmers of Illinois grow less corn and hogs, grain and livestock, and see what reaction you get." "Do you really mean to say that the United States is producing more agricultural products than can be consumed," he asked. "Most assuredly," I replied; "the farmers of the United States have produced since the war, are now producing, and probably will continue to produce more than the effective, that is, the paying, ^d demand; and if you know anything about the effect of the relation of ~~supply~~ excessive supply to inadequate effective demand you will appreciate what that means in terms of prices and distress to American farmers. But if you think any statement ~~as~~ along this line will be accepted for what it is worth or with popular acclaim by farmers, by the city population, or by the officials of our national and state departments of agriculture, you are mistaken, because public and official sentiment is in favor of increased production. Its a good deal like the shoe manufacturing industry and the milling industry and the coal mining industry, and a lot of other industries. The shoe industry of the United States have a capacity for supplying all humanity with shoes, and the milling industry could easily grind all the grain grown in the world, and so with other American industries, including agriculture. The only

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great difficulty in the way of prosperity in America is the fact that other countries have ~~a~~ hand and equipment, are poverty stricken, and are trying with might and main, systematically and intelligently, to use their own resources and equipment to become self sustaining so they will not have to buy from America, all of which means that markets for surplus American products must and will be restricted, with disastrous effects on American producers." "Why don't you say all that publicly in the United States, where it will be understood," he asked. "Because" I said, "only the voice of a professional desk economist carries weight these days. Unfortunately, although I have read political economy from youth up, ~~and~~ have read about all that has been written on agricultural economics since the birth in recent years of this ^{alleged} new science ~~or art~~, I have not been branded as an economist by any college or university, hold no diploma to that effect, and can never be recognized as an agricultural economist for that reason. I am simply a statistician engaged in perfecting organizations for supplying data with which selfcomplacent desk economists can play. But just because I have had practical farm experience, long association with technical agriculturists, opportunities for seeing what is taking place in all the 48 states of my own country and in ^{many} other countries, plus a little farm common sense, and much reading of farm and economic literature, plus agricultural statistics over long periods and for various countries, I feel rather firmly entrenched in my opinion. In the circumstances ~~perhaps~~ I may be excused for thinking that I know about as much about agriculture as any one else." "Well, you ought to," he rejoined, "but why not tell it to others." "~~I have already told you,~~" I answered, "Because it is incredible to farmers, to city populations, to editors, and to economists, and is altogether unpopular, and any official of the U.S. Department of Agriculture who ventures to ex-

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Date: March 1932
(1926, Sept. The Hague-Brussels.

Chapter The Philosophy of Large Scale Production
E--2115.

press such ideas as reduction of food production on American farms simply commits official suicide. Nothing that he could say in this year of grace, 1926, would have any appreciable effect; nothing but laissez faire and bitter experience will make people listen to reason and obvious facts." "So you advocate restriction of food ~~no~~ production, while millions go hungry," he asked. "Did you ever hear of a factory closing down and turning off its employes to starve," I asked ~~him~~ in return. "Just what is the difference between a factory turning out shoes, clothing, or any other necessity, and a ~~farm~~ ^{factory} cutting down production of food when the warehouses and markets are overflowing with food products; what's the difference? Just tell me why farmers ~~are~~ with a considerable capital investment should go without any return on their investment and work long hours in all kind of weather without any wages simply to pile up more food stuffs than city people can buy or pay for, when any store or factory is at liberty to shut down and close its doors, when millions of farmers have not the money to pay for shoes, clothing, and other necessities of life. ~~Now~~ Just tell me what is the essential difference." Of course he could not, no more than any other intelligent human being, but he seemed to think something was wrong. "Listen," I said, "you are puzzled at these ideas, just like most other people, simply because we have all grown up under and age-long tradition and fear of famine, without realizing that vast new areas have been brought under cultivation and that the productive capacity of all areas has been vastly increased by modern agricultural machinery and science; nor do most people realize that there are vast areas of good agricultural land that have never been plowed, and still other vast areas that have not even been explored by white men. In these days of superabundant production and modern transportation facilities a famine in any part of the world

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is inconceivable from the purely material standpoint. Its solely a question of transportation, accessibility, cost, and buying power. In the last analysis there is no essential reason why a farmer or any member of his family should work longer hours or for less wages per hour than anybody else that deals with the essentials of life. My prediction is that for the next ten years at least we will hear a great deal about surplus crops, lack of markets, and low prices and farm discontent, and very little about lack of food in the United States. The low prices, often if not mostly below cost of production, will ultimately drive the farmers to unite in organizations as nothing else will, ~~When they become organized,~~ and when they become sufficiently organized and have tried various and sundry ways and means to improve their situation without success, it will dawn upon some ^{of} the leaders to take ^a leaf out of the book of experience of the great labor unions." "What do you mean by that," he asked, "strikes?" "Just that," I answered, "because they will be forced to it by the indifference of prosperous business men and a well fed American public. Goaded to desperation by hope long deferred, hard work, a hard life, and utterly inadequate returns in ~~xxxxxx~~ an otherwise prosperous country, it will gradually dawn upon the farm organizations that all cities and towns have supplies of provisions sufficient only for a week, or at most a few weeks, and that if those supplies are shut off for even a few days the price of farm products will soar and the farmers organizations can make their own terms of settlement. If they ever realize that they will know that they have the situation entirely in their own hands, because the farmers ~~xxxx~~ can feed themselves and their families indefinitely, while the rest of the population can starve unless they are willing to pay a decent price for ~~food~~ the food the farmer produces." "But think of what a heartless thing that would be;

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starvation for innocent people, women, children, invalids, and untold misery on the part of people perfectly willing to pay a fair price for what they want and need," he protested. "Precisely," "I said, "just what has happened in every railway strike, every coal strike, and every other kind of strike by any group of people who thought that was the only means of securing certain advantages to themselves, such as shorter hours of labor or higher wages, or both together--all at the expense of the innocent, but rather in-different public. But it is an undisputed fact that the labor unions by these inhuman methods have actually bettered their condition, and it only remains ^{for} ~~to~~ the farmers to do the same. But there is this difference: farmers are not only laborers, but they are capitalists as well; they are individualists and many of them think for themselves and quite independently of others; they have certain ideas of right and justice; they are peace loving and opposed to violence. As such they have an instinctive and deeply rooted aversion to all forms of socialism, communism, labor unions, strikes, lockouts, boycotts, and all other means of forcibly gaining something for themselves at the expense of the public. Because of this, and because farmers can live for long periods on the land on a self sufficing basis without any wages or money income at all, nothing but long continued, dire and disastrous distress will ever lead them to organize and strike as the labor organizations have struck." "Well, that's encouraging," ^a ~~said~~ my Chicago farm organization expert adviser. "Encouraging for the general American public," I asked, "or for the six million American farm families, some of whom are paying you to tell their farm organization what to do." "I see that you are doubtful," I said, "but may I suggest two things that are perfectly safe and sound and above criticism, namely, advise your organization to perfect its organization and to preach

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the necessity for organization among farmers in order to be on a competitive equality with other organized classes in America; and then advise your organization and all other farm organizations to finance and carry on a nation wide campaign of propaganda and education so that every man woman and child in America will understand that the farming population get no interest on their investment of capital and lower wages than any other class, and yet is entitled to the same return for ~~his~~ manual labor, ~~his~~ managerial ability, and ~~his~~ technical knowledge as any other class of society. If this is done systematically and efficiently the agricultural problem in the United States will be solved in twenty years." "That sounds reasonable and unobjectionable," he said, "but why twenty years." "Just because of the factors involved," I replied, "some of which I have mentioned, partly hereditary, partly due to natural conditions, largely psychological, and partly because it is a matter of getting more than six million ^aseparate and distinct and very independent units to act together and organize, instead of the simple problem of getting six or sixty thousand industrial and financial units to work together under intelligent business management, whereas a large proportion of the six million farm managements is ignorant, unⁿiformed, and not always intelligent." Well," he replied, "I begin to understand why you said that the presentation of your views would mean official suicide and why you hesitate to express them." "Why, of course," I said, "and not only that, but at this stage of public opinion it would be utterly futile; I believe the facts to be as I have stated; many of my colleagues in the Department of Agriculture think as I do, but no Secretary of Agriculture would dare say so; therefore, laissez faire, and let our people learn by hard and distressing experience, perhaps the only way that any people can learn anything, but I am sure that within twenty

the necessity for organization among farmers in order to be on a competitive equality with other organized classes in America; and then advise your organization and all other farm organizations to finance and carry on a nation wide campaign of propaganda and education so that every man woman and child in America will understand that the farming population get no interest on their investment of capital and lower wages than any other class, and yet is entitled to the same return for its manual labor, its managerial ability, and its technical knowledge as any other class of society. If this is done systematically and efficiently the agricultural problem in the United States will be solved in twenty years." "That sounds reasonable and unobjectionable," he said, "but why twenty years." "Just because of the factors involved," I replied, "some of which I have mentioned, partly hereditary, partly due to natural conditions, largely psychological, and partly because it is a matter of getting more than six million separate and distinct and very independent units to act together and organize, instead of the simple problem of getting six or sixty thousand industrial and financial units to work together under intelligent business management, whereas a large proportion of the six million farm managements is ignorant, untrained, and not always intelligent." "Well," he replied, "I begin to understand why you said that the presentation of your views would mean official suicide and why you hesitate to express them." "Why, of course," I said, "and not only that, but at this stage of public opinion it would be utterly futile; I believe the facts to be as I have stated; many of my colleagues in the Department of Agriculture think as I do, but no Secretary of Agriculture would dare say so; therefore, I leave it to you, and let our people learn by hard and distressing experience, perhaps the only way that any people can learn anything, but I am sure that within twenty

(1926, Sept. The Hague to Brussels. 2119.

years much that I have outlined will have happened. Maybe sooner. After Texas, my own state of Texas, elected a female governor, after skirts rose from below the ankles to above the knees, almost anything can happen, but I think in terms of averages and normal behavior, and so I think of a twenty year period to ^vbring about a revolution in American agriculture. I wish we might meet ten years from now, and again twenty years from now, if we both are living, and compare notes and check up on events." "Say, that's great; I wish we might," he replied with some show of enthusiasm. And so our discussion ended amicably after he had become distinctly hostile during the statement of my views. For obvious reasons I rarely expressed myself so freely, but ^{by 1934} ~~while this is being written (1934)~~ farmer strikes ^ehave had taken place, the nation had become farm conscious, and farm relief had become an important part of the national program.

The train was slow in starting, but after it started it made good speed and the distances seemed short. We were soon at Rotterdam and shortly thereafter at Antwerp, where we saw a great deal of shipping in the harbor. Towns and villages flashed by in quick succession. At Malines we could see the tower of the cathedral that was destroyed by the gun fire of the Germans ^{of which} ~~and that~~, the cardinal spoke so bluntly during the occupation of Belgium. Throughout the entire distance from The Hague to ^BBrussels the country is flat, sandy, and devoted almost entirely to the growing of truck crops. In some places the villages are so close together that they seem to join. My companions seemed to enjoy talking to some one from their own country and kept up a continuous conversation. This rather interfered with observation of the passing scenery, of which they seemed to be utterly oblivious.

We reached Brussels in the early forenoon. I went to the Palace Hotel directly across the plaza from the railway station.

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(1926, Sept.Brussells.

E--2120.

I was given a nice large room on the sixth floor with private bath and windows facing the plaza.. As soon as my things were placed I called at the office of the American Express, but found it closed. Then to a cafe and had a small bottle of Bass ale, strolled through the shopping district, and back to my room to begin drafting a report to the Institute. I had a nice supper at the hotel with a bottle of wine at a moderate price.

Sunday, Sept.12, fair and warm. After a good night's sleep I had an early breakfast and made up my laundry. From my windows I could see crowds of people hurrying to the railway station. The ticket taker stood at the outer door, so that people about to leave and their friends must stand in the street. Noticed women polishing shoes. After breakfast I walked to the botanical garden. It was bright with green grass and flowers. Adjoining the garden was a museum. One of the exhibits was a collection of woods from different countries. The giant sequouia of California is well represented by ^a sector showing 1,350 annual rings and along one side were marked the dates of important historical events of which it was a contemporary. For example the year 1492, ~~and~~ ^{ing} showed that the tree was over eight hundred years old when America was discovered. From the museum I walked to a cathedral, took a picture outside and a look in side. The main streets were broad and clean, but some side streets that I explored were narrow and very dirty. Within two blocks of the hotel near the center of the city I observed a canal with shallow water, mud, and green scum, in which tin cans and other refuse had been thrown--a most unsanitary and unsightly spot.

For luncheon in the hotel restaurant I had a nice steak, potatoes, tomatoes, bread and butter, half a bottle of wine and a cigar, all for the equivalent of \$1.80. I took a long nap in the afternoon and woke up in time to watch a beautiful sunset from

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(1926, Sept., Brussels.

E--2121.

the window. After dark I went across the plaza to a restaurant, but could not get waited upon, and becoming impatient I went to another restaurant where I had a nice supper. ^W Then I stepped into the Moulin Rouge, a small theater with red trimmings and many electric lights, an orchestra, a floor for dancing, ~~and~~ many little tables, and many women sitting or standing about, evidently available for dancing or other form of entertainment. I selected a table and ordered a Benedictine. As soon as the tiny glass was set before me an attractive young woman took possession of the seat opposite me and smilingly opened conversation in French. At her invitation I danced one round with her. When we resumed our seats she asked ^{if} I could give her anything. I ordered a half bottle of champagne, which I recall was very cheap. She said she was leaving the next day for Paris to visit her mother, and that she had been with the Moulin Rouge since it opened three years previously. I noticed many of the young women employes becoming quite affectionate with the male customers. The young woman at my table, however, was quite dignified and even prim. With some show of animation she invited me to go with her to her room, but when I declined she evidently concluded that I was a dud and there was no use wasting time on me because she immediately got up and departed without so much as saying "Au revoir." The spectacle growing monotonous because of its sameness and lack of incident, I left, walked down the street, and entered a small cafe where I had a bottle of bass ale. There were many cafes and restaurants with a few squares of the hotel and most of them were full of people drinking beer or wine and apparently enjoying themselves. Before leaving and as a parting nightcap I asked for a whiskey and soda and was surprised when the waiter shook his head and said they were not permitted to sell alcoholic liquors, ^{only} ~~although~~ beer and wines ~~were sold freely~~.

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(1926, Sept.Brussells.

E--2122.

Monday, Sept. 13, a beautiful bright day. After breakfast I went to the office of the American Express Company and had them telegraph to their branch office in Rome for a transfer of funds to my credit. Then I called on the American Consul, who was very cordial and had one of his employes telephone the Ministry of Agriculture for an appointment. He reported that Dr. De Vuyst, the Director General, was on leave but would be at his office for about an hour and would be glad to see me. We were already well acquainted, having met frequently in Rome and traveled together for several days in the Argentine. He received me cordially and after a friendly conversation he instructed Mr. Wauter, an inspector, to take charge of me and introduce me to M. Henri, the Minister of Finance and former Director of Agriculture, whom M. De Vuyst said was thoroughly familiar with the census project and would discuss it with me. M. De Vuyst gave me a collection of pamphlets which bore^e his name as author. He outlined briefly the organization of the Ministry of Agriculture and expatiated on his old hobby, rural education. He informed me that M. Bolle, long time permanent delegate of Belgium at the Institute was about to retire, which would create a vacancy to which he expected to be assigned and thus round out his public career as delegate to the Institute. Our interview was cut short by the necessity of his catching a train.

M. Wauters and I then walked to the Ministry of Finance. On the way over he described how his family had escaped from Brussels during the German occupation. M. Henri and I had met at the last General Assembly of the Institute. He was a small but distinguished looking gentleman with a long gray beard. He readily promised the fullest cooperation and talked freely about the organization of the Ministry of Agriculture and its work. Then we drifted into a disagreement. He criticised the placing of a commercial value upon

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(1926, Sept.Brussels.

E--2123.

the census as likely to impair its scientific character and accuracy, and then he proceeded to say that if the census were taken according to the plans approved by the last General Assembly^{it} would necessarily be a mere estimate, very inaccurate, and not worthy of the name of statistics. He was so didactic and authoritative in his statements and kept reiterating the necessity for "le statistique parfait" that it got on my nerves, my combat~~iveness~~^{iveness} was aroused, and I turned on him with the statement that all statistics were imperfect, that the "statistique parfait" might be theoretically possible in a country as small as Belgium, but was impossible in larger countries, and that in all my experience as a statistician I had not seen a single example of the "^{atis}statistique parfait," and had come to believe that it did not exist; and then I challenged^h him to show me a single example of statistics from his or any other country in which I could not quickly point out imperfections. This challenge brought him to a sudden realization that he had gone too far, his whole manner changed from that of a caustic critic to that of a courteous and somewhat apologetic gentleman, and with renewed assurances on his part of the cooperation of his fovernment in the census project, we separated. My challenge was no idle boast or bluff, because I fully believed that if I could not point out quickly discrepancies and shortcomings or absurdities in any statistical compilation that might be set before me, at least I could promptly suggest how the compilation might be condensed or amplified, or otherwise improved, and thus demonstrate that it was not the "statistique parfait." After leaving him I chuckled to myself at his sudden "right about face," because I knew that he was responsible for many statistical compilations and must know of their defects and weaknesses, and on the spur of the moment I had filled him with apprehension and all his airy and irritating criticisms collapsed like an image of straw before a puff of wind.

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(1926, Sept.Brussells.

E--2124.

After luncheon I again called at the Ministry of Agriculture and had a very satisfactory interview with Mr.Wauters. Together we visited the Minister of Colonial Affairs and met the Director General of Agriculture, M.E LaPlae, who was also professor at the University of Louvain, had visited the United States several times, and who spoke English perfectly. He readily agreed that the Belgian government, through his office, would take the initiative in promoting the census project in all its colonial possessions. He said that any census would be difficult because of conditions prevailing in tropical regions. He said that the negroes in the Belgian Congo did all their agricultural work by hand, planting seed with a crooked stick which they thrust into the ground, twist about to mak^e a hole, insert the seed, and cover it with their feet; that they are good cultivators, ^{and} have many varieties of fruits and vegetables in the same village; that they favor long horned cattle and to induce the horns to grow to great length they scratch the roots of the horns to stimulate growth; also they regard cattle as sacred and do not use them for work and only occasionally kill one in order to drink its blood. His office was decorated with many specimens of horns, knives, and other arms from the Congo region, and with many photographs. He said that in the colonies livestock was subject to taxation and the tax records would be very helpfull in the census. He said that for estimating areas and production the colonial authorities use the ~~quantities~~ quantities of seed sown as a basis, as well as the estimated average quantity required for consumption per capita. He talked very intelligently and interestingly and promised to send to my room a bulletin he had prepared on the Belgian Congo.

After leaving this department I walked to the Department of Justice building, which was a prominent object but so large that

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(1926, Sept. Brussels.

E--2125.

it was difficult to get a photograph of it with a small ^c camera. It was situated on a hill overlooking the city, and from it I could see two beautiful church spires^x rising above the houses lower down and apparently a quarter of a mile away. I decided I wanted a picture of the church and its spires, but the course lay diagonally across many city blocks, and when I reached the lower level I could no longer see the spires, so I had to navigate rather blindly. In spite of my instinctive sense of direction and distance I passed two squares beyond and partly around the church, but through an opening between some houses I caught a glimpse of the spires and then maneuvered to take a picture. ^{##} My wanderings took me through a slummy district. On the side streets I saw some strange sights. Among them was the picture of three women clustered about one man, all four hilariously typsy. The party came down the middle of a back street, the man with a woman on each arm and one following. ^{He was} ~~was~~ wearing one of the ^w women's hat and one of the woman ^{was} wearing his hat, the party swaying and careering from side to side in drunken fashion, and all singing at the top^x of their voices. ^{##} From the church I walked across to the Bourse and sat awhile at a sidewalk restaurant and had a glass of beer. While drinking my beer and smoking I became interested in noting ~~the~~ different forms of advertising. Besides innumerable painted signs, display windows, and the like, I saw a large drum rolled along the street by a man, a tram car covered with enormous placards, and many sandwich men. I was also struck by the number of men and women soliciting alms, for themselves, for the blind, for the wounded, for orphans, for the sick, for homes for the destitute, for hospitals, and other objects of like nature.

I reached my room at 6.30 p.m. and began to write up my notes for the day. On the way down to the restaurant I stopped at the

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(1926, Sept.Brussells.

E--2126.

managers' desk to register a kick, to the effect that if my room was not set in order by the time I returned I would leave the hotel instantly and refuse to pay my bill; that I would accept no excuse or explanation whatever, because there could be none; and that in future if the room was not set in order before noon I would leave, and would advise all my American and English friends to avoid his hotel, which was a mere excuse for a hotel and a disgrace to any civilized country. He started to apologize, but I was inexorable and said that the only apology I would accept would be to have that room set in order within the next ten minutes. I suspect it was done, because when I returned later it was in apple pie order.

My impression of Brussells was that it is a large and very busy city, that it has a few broad streets that are well paved, clean, and bordered by fine buildings, but with many narrow, dirty streets ~~with~~ dilapidated buildings; and that the population one sees on the streets were undersized and apparently undernourished and overworked; that they were either very thin or very fat. From my windows on the sixth floor I could see that the city is situated in a valley or depression between rather high hills.

I had a ~~very~~ satisfactory supper at the restaurant diagonally across the square from the hotel, after which I sat for awhile at a small table in the Moulin Rouge, drinking, smoking, and listening to some very good music, ^{and} watched the dancing and the by-play that went on at other tables between patrons and female attaches. It was a cheerful scene, and I wished that every city might have a Moulin Rouge for the entertainment of lonely transients. One of the female attaches sat at my table for a brief period. She was a voluptuous looking creature, attractive to look at, and she tried to be agreeable. I supplied her with a glass of champagne and a box of ci-

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(1926, Sept.Brussells.

E--2127.

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(~~Dragoni, Sept.13, gray folder.~~ *omit*)

(1926, Sept. Brussels.)

M-2127.

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~~(Brussels, Sept. 13, 1926, grey folder.)~~

(1926, September, Brussels.

E--2128.

Tuesday, Sept.14, cloudy and warm. At ~~the~~^{the} American Express Company's office I found that a credit had been received from the Rome office, and this I took partly in travellers checks, British pounds, and Belgian francs. I bought transportation to London and arranged for a hotel reservation at the Victoria. Returning to my room I got out my kit and sewed up a tear in my umbrella and some open seams in a pair of gloves. Sent a telegram to the Rome office and spent the afternoon writing. Had supper at the hotel, took a short stroll on the streets, and declined a number of invitations to accompany women to their rooms. Retired early.

(Mother, Sept.14, ~~gray~~ folder.

W-2128.

(1926, September, Brussels.

Thursday, Sept. 14, cloudy and warm. ^{the} ~~At~~ American Express

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Home office, and this I took partly in travellers checks, British
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tations to accompany women to their rooms. Retired early.

(Mother, Sept. 14, ~~my~~ folder.

(1926, Sept.Brussels-London.

E--2129.

Wednesday, Sept.15, clear and cold. I was up early and at the train by 7.45a.m. All seats in the first class coaches were occupied, so that I and many others holding first class tickets had to seek second class accommodations. Unquestionably many more first class tickets had been issued than there were accommodations. The second class coach in which I found a seat was the dirtiest I had seen in Europe, old, badly worn, and doors and ~~hinx~~ windows would not work properly. The toilet was as bad as anything I had seen in South America and a disgrace to any civilized country.

We traveled through a thickly populated, flat, sandy country of gardens, towns and villages. At 10.15 we reached Ostend and were transferred immediately to a boat that was ^{so} badly crowded that there was scarcely room on deck for chairs. The baggage was piled in a heap on deck, and apparently there was no smoking cabin, lounge, or other place where passengers could sit in comfort. The boat left at 11 a.m. and took four hours to cross to Dover, a good part of the time steaming along the French coast, which was low, sandy, and lined almost continuously with seaside hotels and resorts. The blue water of the Channel was quite rough and the boat pitched badly and many passengers were ill. The whitecaps chased each other madly and the spray dashed completely over the deck, wetting both passengers and baggage. ~~Wxxxx~~

We reached Dover at 3.15 p.m. and the porters had difficulty in handling the baggage of so many passengers. The examination of passports and baggage was done quickly and thoroughly. A porter conducted me to a waiting train and found me a seat in a parlor car.

On little tables between the seats the porter served cakes and milk, and later brought in tea and hot ~~mix~~ biscuits, which were very good. Before reaching Dover and while far out in the ~~Channel~~ ^{Strait} we could see the white cliffs back of the town. Dover it-

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(1926, Sept. England.

E--2130

self was built along the seashore and back into a hollow or opening in the white hill. The train climbed upgrade and around rather high hills and out through a park-like country of green meadows with groves and scattered trees, dairy cattle and sheep, good roads, lanes, hawthorn hedges, neat houses, vegetable and flower gardens, and fields of hops, cabbages, and turnips. As we approached London the villages became more frequent, their detached houses being homelike and attractive, each with a strip of lawn and flowers. On the outskirts of many of these villages were golf courses and tennis courts.

At 6 p.m. the train drew into the great Victoria Station. Just before reaching it we crossed the River Thames and I caught a glimpse of Westminster. There were so many passengers that I had difficulty in getting a taxi. In fact my porter had to walk down the line nearly two blocks before he found one not already reserved. We passed through crowded streets, crossed Trafalgar Square, and a block or more beyond came to the Victoria Hotel. It was a fine hotel, but its charges were high--25 shillings a day for a very small inside and very dark room high up, with bath, but without meals. After washing up and changing to tuxedo I went down at 7.45 p.m. to the beautiful hotel dining room and had a nice supper--beefsteak, potatoes, bread and butter, and half a bottle of wine, for 11s. 6d., or about \$7 \$2.80. Then I walked down to Westminster Abbey and back on a crowded street with many hotels. The most conspicuous feature of London at night was the great number of enormous buses rushing full speed in different directions. Nowhere else had I seen so many buses. In many places underground passages were provided for pedestrians to avoid the danger of crossing the streets at the surface.

(1926, Sept. London.

E--2131.

Thursday, Sept. 16. Had a good breakfast in my room, read a brief description of Great Britain, and then went out. Left my kodak at a nearby establishment for repairs, many of my photographs having been spoiled by a tiny leak in the bellows. Then in a taxi to the American Embassy to look up our Agricultural Commissioner, Mr. E. A. Foley. At his office I also met Mr. Edwin Smith, fruit marketing specialist of our bureau. Mr. Foley said our Bureau had made a serious mistake in calling a cotton conference at London at a most inconvenient time; that many members of the trade were not at all enthusiastic about the Bureau's proposed standard grades and when they were called back from their vacations in the country and were in bad humor, and after listening to the statement by Mr. Tenny, the ^y simply said they did not approve the plan as outlined and refused to discuss it. About 11.30 a.m. Mr. Worth, Mr. Foley's assistant, took me to a tailoring establishment where I was measured for a suit, which was promised for the following Monday.

Mr. Foley took me for luncheon to the American Club. The other guests were Mr. R. J. Thompson, under secretary in the Ministry of Agriculture, who had worked with me so loyally on the census program at the last General Assembly meeting in Rome, and later became the British permanent delegate at the Institute; and a Mr. de Wichenfeldt, an employe of the Swedish Legation, who was in Washington in 1919 and remembered having called at my office. I learned later that he was a candidate for the vacant position as my assistant at the Rome office. After making appointments we separated.

After luncheon I rode on a bus to the British Museum and spent several hours looking at the exhibits in the numerous rooms and halls. It is a large, spacious, and well lighted building and the exhibits are exceedingly interesting. I wished I were a young man of leisure and could spend an hour or more daily and regularly

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(1926, Sept. London.

E--2132.

and in the evenings read up on the history of the countries from which the exhibits came and the arts, sciences, and peoples they represented. Outside the museum I ~~b~~^hought some picture postcards to add to my sister's collection. I walked back to the hotel. On the way I stopped in a jewelry shop and had the repairman fix the hands on my Moscow watch so they would not lock at 6.15 twice ~~every~~^{every} 24 hours. At the hotel I cashed a travellers check so as to have money with which to pay for the new suit. I then walked to the tailoring establishment to try on the suit for which I had been measured only a few hours previously. On the way I tried the doors of two bar rooms and was surprised to find them locked. When I reported this to Mr. Foley he said the bars were open only from 11 am. to 2 p.m., and from 6 to 11 p.m. Outside of these hours alcoholic beverages could be obtained only at hotels or with meals at a restaurant.

At 6 p.m. I went to Mr. Foley's office and then to his bachelor apartment on the floor above. His rooms were well and comfortably furnished. I had known Mr. Foley for several years and had noted how, with the passage of time, his waist line had increased. It was quite evident that he was enjoying life. He had lived in London long enough to know and to like its people and its ways. As a single gentleman his salary was sufficient to enable him to live in great comfort, and he had established connections and made friendships that made his official life relatively easy. After liquid refreshments and a good cigar in his comfortable quarters we took a taxi to "Simpson's," a well known restaurant famous for its good cooking and service, and had a very enjoyable ^Psuper, after which we went to a light opera at Daly's, which I enjoyed greatly. I shall always remember this supper and the entertainment at the theater as exceptionally good. I returned to the hotel at 11.30 p.m.

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(1926, Sept. London.

E--2133

Friday, Sept. 17, pleasant forenoon, hot afternoon. Shortly before 10.30 a.m. I walked to the building occupied by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, a large, massive stone building full of government offices and within a few squares of the Victoria Hotel. I succeeded in finding the office of Mr. Thompson, chief of the Bureau of Economics in the Ministry of Agriculture. He explained in detail its organization and the work upon which it was engaged, and its system of crop estimates. Mr. Thompson not only assured me of the hearty cooperation of his department but at my request promised to take up the question of the census with the proper colonial officials with a view to securing their cooperation in promoting the taking of the census in the various commonwealths and dependencies of the British Empire. I asked what the possibility or probability was of his being appointed permanent delegate to the Institute to succeed Sir Thomas Elliott. He said the matter had been discussed but not definitely decided, but as he was approaching retiring age he would be glad to round out his career with such an assignment. I expressed the hope that he might get the appointment in order that he might keep an eye on the census project during my long absences, and that if anything happened to me during my travels it was my wish that he would see the census project through to a finish.

About 1 p.m. I went to Mr. Foley's office and from there we went to the American Club and dined with Captain Purdy, head of the American Shipping Board, and one of his assistants. Captain Purdy was a large man and seemed much interested in what I had to say about Russia.

After luncheon I went to the National Art Gallery on Trafalger Square. It had the best collection of paintings I had so far seen. I was especially pleased with the paintings of Turner,

(1926, Sept. London.

E--2134.

Whistler, Romney, Rubens, Murillo, Gainsborough, and others of the older schools. Even here, however, to me at least, three-fourths of all the pictures were defective or displeasing, especially those representing ecclesiastical subjects. Many young people were making copies of the paintings, some of which were quite good, but many were bungling.

At the hotel I arranged that a bottle of cognac be sent up to my room, because in walking several squares I found all pubs closed. At the photographic repair shop I got my kodak and films that had been developed and was much disappointed to find that the pictures taken at Stockholm, Oslo, Copenhagen, and the Hague were spoiled because of the leak in the kodak.

At Mr. Foley's office I wrote up my notes for the day. In his apartment I had a whiskey and sodax and a good cigar. Then we went to the Royal Restaurant, said to be one of the best in London, and had an exquisite supper with excellent wine. We remained at the table sipping Benedictines, smoking, watching the well dressed people, and listen~~ing~~ing good music, until 11.30 p.m. when the lights began to wink out.

At the supper table Mr. Foley told a strange tale of an embarrassing situation that arose in connection with the visit of the representatives of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange to the Washington office of our bureau for a conference ~~in~~ regarding the proposed cotton standards. Dr. Taylor had assured the delegates that the type standards adopted by the Department of Agriculture were kept in hermetically sealed glass tubes under official seal which were kept in a locked safe, so that they could neither deteriorateⁿ or be tampered with. When the British delegates asked to see them^{type samples} they could not be produced, the explanation given did not explain, and Mr. Foley's position as apologist for the bureau to which

(1926, Sept. London.

E--2154.

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(1926, Sept. London.

E--2135.

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he was attached became very embarrassing. (understanding arose, because
(I had seen those type samples several times).
Discussing the questions of the relations between Great

Britain and the United States, he made the statement that inasmuch
as Great Britain had nothing to gain from another war in Europe
she was becoming American in her policy of keeping clear of con-
tinental complications.

From the restaurant we walked through the night club district,
saw the house in which Oscar Wilde got into trouble because of
proceedings adjudged scandalous; through the theater district, where
we saw many street walkers, and a most unattractive lot they were.
Mr. Foley ~~making~~ ^{made} the statement that seven percent of the British
population was out of employment, that the dole applied only to
skilled workers, and that the only way to shift Britishers to the
colonies was by force because they are not willing to become pio-
neers like their forefathers, but insist on having modern conven-
iences and amusements. We separated at my hotel at 11.45 p.m.

Saturday, Sept. 18, misty morning, hot afternoon. Bought some
films and at the tailor's tried on the new suit, which was a perfect
fit. At Mr. Foley's office dictated a report to the Secretary Gen-
eral. Mr. Foley showed me some interesting correspondence with some
of his Liverpool cotton friends regarding a blunder made by Mr.
Tenny at their conference. I asked Mr. Worth to arrange for trans-
portation to Edinburgh, Belfast, and Dublin. Then I walked through
the park near Buckingham Palace and took some pictures. It was a
beautiful little park with slight w swells and hollows, velvety
lawns, beds of flowers in full bloom, flowering shrubs, magnificent
trees, a pond with water lilies and other aquatic plants and alive
with fish and water fowl; and this beauty spot was in the very heart
of the city.

After washing up at the hotel I joined Mr. Foley at the Ameri-

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(1926, Sept. London. 1-2-25)

(1926, Sept., London.

E--2136.

can Club. We dined with Mr. Moore, traffic manager of the U.S. Shipping Board. ^RAt 3 p.m. I left them and took a bus to Kew Gardens, where I spent two hours or more very agreeably. It is a large park a square mile or more in extent, on the Thames some miles out from Trafalger Square, with beautiful lawns, magnificent trees, many fine glades and vistas between towering lines of trees, ponds, lilies, shrubs, plants and flowers of every description and from many lands. At that season the dahlias, asters, Michaelmas daisies, and roses, were at their best. At several places were Chinese and Japanese pagodas with prepared tree settings. Thousands of people were spending their Saturday afternoon holiday amid these beautiful surroundings. There were many young couples who seemed to be more interested in each other than in the beauties of nature. Some of them wandered about with their arms about each other, stopping occasionally for a long-drawn-out ecstatic kiss and wholly oblivious of others. The sun shone with excessive heat and the shade of the trees afforded grateful relief. The Thames runs along one end of the Garden. The tide was out, exposing ugly mud flats. In the park itself everything was lovely. Especially interesting were the magnificent specimen oaks, horse chestnuts, and cedars of Lebanon, all of which were of immense size and unusual symmetry. Hot and thirsty I stopped at a restaurant pavilion where all seats were taken and asked for a lemonade and a most peculiar mixture was brought; but it was wet and cold and served the purpose.

I reached my hotel at 6.30 p.m., washed up, had a nip of cognac and felt better. Then to Mr. Foley's apartment where I had a whiskey and soda and a cigar and felt still better. Again we had an exquisite supper at the Royal Restaurant. At 11 p.m. we went out on the street and through a section swarming with Jewish people from the east side. At my hotel we sat and sipped Benedictines,

(1926, Sept., London.

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(1926, Sept., London.

E--2137.

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With reference to his occupancy of quarters in the building rented by the American Embassy, ^{he explained} as follows: The State Department paid forty per cent, the Navy Department thirty-five per cent, and the Department of Agriculture twenty-five per cent of the rental and upkeep. But there was no allowance for service in either of the three departments. Mr.Foley had suggested that inasmuch as the rooms on the top floor were not in use he would be glad to occupy them as batchelor quarters and pay for the necessary service throughout the building, which would be equivalent to ^{the} rent he would have to pay elsewhere and would supply the service which the three sets of offices required, but for which no provision was made by their government, and this arrangement was acceptable to all concerned.

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(1926, Sept., London.

E--2138.

Referring to his young lady stenographer, he said she was formerly in the British government service, and ~~because of that~~ she had come to have a high respect for the American government service because American officials did not try to take advantage of their official relationship.

He mentioned one young American employe, however, who lost his head within a week and was recalled within the same period.

He next told of an acquaintance who was with Roosevelt in South Africa and who had given him much usefull information about Africa, and among other things that the slave trade still flourished between Africa and Arabia and that the British government was doing all in its power to further restrict this form of trade.

While much that Mr. Foley said was mere personally gossip, without any thought that it might ever be recorded in writing, it was interesting at the time and I spent a very agreeable evening with him. I made a note of these items of information afterwards simply because they were retained in my memory. It is only a fraction of what he said, and nothing about what I said. I have often wished that I might have a verbatim report of the conversation of two middle aged friends who had traveled and seen much of the world and whose conversation was interesting to each other. It should be interesting to others; but probably no such report has ever been made, and if it were made, it could not be published without much embarrassment. Perhaps it is better so.

~~(Dragoni, Sept. 18, gray folder. omit~~

(1926, Sept., London.

E--2138.

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He mentioned one young American employee, however, who lost his head within a week and was recalled within the same period. He next told of an acquaintance who was with Roosevelt in South Africa and who had given him much useful information about Africa, and among other things that the slave trade still flourished between Africa and Arabia and that the British Government was doing all in its power to further restrict this form of trade.

While much that Mr. Foley said was more personally gossip, without any thought that it might ever be recorded in writing, it was interesting at the time and I spent a very agreeable evening with him. I made a note of these items of information afterwards simply because they were retained in my memory. It is only a fraction of what he said, and nothing about what I said. I have often wished that I might have a verbatim report of the conversation of two middle aged friends who had traveled and seen much of the world and whose conversation was interesting to each other. It should be interesting to others; but probably no such report has ever been made, and if it were made, it could not be published without much embarrassment. Perhaps it is better so.

(Present, Sept. 12, Gray folder, cont.)

(1926, Sept. London.

E--2139.

Sunday, Sept. 19, clear and excessively hot. Wore my lightest summer clothing. # After breakfast I walked to Westminster Abbey and the parliament building, and across the Westminster bridge, and took some pictures. # At 1 p.m. I went to Mr. Foley's apartment. We had a light luncheon and then rode on a bus out to Hampden Court. The ride was through mile after mile of monotonous streets under a blaxing^z hot sun and was very uncomfortable. Hampden Court is an estate of several hundred acres on the banks of the Thames above London that belonged to Cardinal Wolsey and was confiscated by King Henry VIII. # The main building is low, rambling, about two city blocks in length, and is surrounded by parks and formal gardens, with immense oaks, yews, horse chestnuts, and maples. The flowers were very pretty. There was a profusion of asters, Michaelmas daisies,, dahlias, and chrysanthemums, and other annuals and perennials. Long vistas radiate in every direction, with canals, meadows, a small river, fountains, little ponds, and grassy lawns like green velvet. The main portion of the buildings is used as a picture gallery hung with paintings presented to royalty, but not deemed good enough for a place in the National Gallery. Mr. Foley said that many of the rooms of this large building were let to aristocratic ladies who entertained their gentlemen friends for a consideration. We walked around the place, stopped at a little restaurant opposite the entrance gate for tea, and then walked across the park for more than a mile. It was a beautiful estate, but its appearance was spoiled^l by crowds of people who swarmed over it. Most of whom looked like factory workers and somehow did not harmonize with the landscape. There was a conspicuous absence of well dressed and well-to-do looking people. # In the park was a herd of large deer. It was interesting to watch the stags stand upright on their slender hind legs, balance themselves on their toes, while they browsed on the leaves of the lower branches at the extreme limit of their reach. # The re-

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(1926, Sept. London.

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turn trip was more comfortable because we had the sun to our backs and it had lost some of its power, and the air was perceptibly cooler. The heat was greater than any I had experienced in southern Europe or Turkey and came as a surprise because I had never thought of England as a tropical country. Mr. Foley, who was inclined to stoutness, naturally suffered more than I did. I^t was some satisfaction to read a day or two later that the temperature registered at Kew Gardens on the 17th and 18th were the highest recorded in 28 years.

After washing up at the hotel I addressed a lot of postcards to the family and friends. At 8 p.m. I went to the American Club and had a nice supper with Mr. Foley. After supper I was introduced to a member of the Smith tribe who was attached to the Associated Press and who appeared to be so utterly blasé and so exalted in the rarified heights of his egotism as not to take the slightest interest in the International Institute of Agriculture, the proposed agricultural census, or in any of the countries I had just visited. He was just about the wettest blanket of utter indifference I have ever encountered and I was much inclined to question his mental capacity. We separated at 10 p.m. and I returned to my room.

Monday, Sept. 20., bright, clear and warm. I was up early, breakfasted, attended to the usual formalities, and was promptly installed in a compartment of the train leaving for Edinburgh at 9.50 a.m. At 11.15 a.m. we passed through Peterborough North, where I saw a large cathedral, a great railway yard, and many factories. At 12.45 we passed through Doncaster, a large manufacturing city and railroad center. For fifty miles or more out of London were large districts devoted to truck crops and market gardens, especially cabbage, collards, carrots, turnips, and other green vegetables. This is succeeded by a rolling country with fields of grain, tur-

(1926, Sept. London.

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(1926, Sept. England.

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nips, meadows, woodlands. The roads were excellent everywhere. The characteristic features of the landscape were luxuriant meadows, hawthorn hedges, and groves and scattered specimens of fine oak trees. Not many cattle or sheep were to be seen, but those in view were all good specimens. I saw no castles and very few mansions. Most of the farming populations seemed to live in villages in small brick houses with kitchen gardens in the rear. At one place threshing was under way. At another place potatoes were being dug. One large wheat field was still in the shock. Another field was covered with a rank growth of what looked like mustard in full bloom than^t was being plowed under. Also I saw one ~~px~~ patch of buckwheat. A field of flax cut for fiber was still in the shock, the sheaves having turned black in color.

We passed through York at 1.40 p.m. It had begun to rain and the temperature fell rapidly, so that I had to put on my raincoat to keep warm. York seemed to be another manufacturing city and railroad center. We were back into a fairly level country with beautiful meadows, fields, woodlands, and hedges. Turnips and meadow grasses seemed to be the principal crops.

At 3 p.m. we passed through Durham, a picturesque city in a hill country. The town is in a valley with a cathedral set on a hill above it. It is a mining country and one sees enormous coal dumps. About it are beautiful meadows and oak groves with many fine sheep in the meadows. A beautiful little river flows between the hills. Fifteen minutes later we were at Newcastle with evidence of coal minss on evere side. The fine meadows continued and in them were fat cattle, sheep, swine, and big horses of the Clydesdale type. The mining towns we passed through as a rule had streets of small two-story plain brick houses. A river flowed between the hills and under a high bridge and I caught sight of some ocean-going ships.

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At 4.15 p.m. we were at Berwick at the mouth of the Tweed, the river opening into the North Sea. The train crossed the river over an enormous causeway with many arches. Near it was a larger concrete bridge under construction.

From Berwick we followed the coast for several hours, the train running on high ground overlooking the sea shining in the afternoon sunlight. The rivers we crossed were muddy because of recent heavy rains. Fens and fields were separated by high, neat, stone walls. In ~~some of~~ the fields and pastures were to be seen some of the finest sheep in the world. The oats crop was still in the shock. There were very few passengers on the train and still fewer people at the stations where the train stopped. At 5 p.m. we passed the signposts at the boundary between England and Scotland and came out on a high cliff overlooking the shining sea, and this continued almost to Edinburgh ~~and shortly~~ which we reached an hour later.

The Caledonian Hotel had been recommended and I drove to it but could not get a room because of some sort of a convention that was being held in the city. The clerk said all hotels were full, and at my request gave me the name of a rooming house on a side street near by. I went to it and a little maid asked me to register and assigned me a room on the top floor. It was a small hall bed room without a service bell. The little maid, with freckled face, blue eyes and a smile that was irresistible, and who weighed not more than ninety pounds, insisted on carrying my heavy hand baggage up ~~the~~ three flights of stairs. It weighed as much as she did, but she would not listen to my protests and I saw that her feelings would be hurt if I forcibly took the heaviest piece from her, so I took the lighter pieces while she maneuvered the heavy piece up the narrow stairway. However, the little woman seemed to appreciate my words of commendation, and even more the tip I gave her. To me her

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bravery, her pugnacity, and her merry intelligent smile and the proud toss of her head, were all a treat. I washed up and put on the heavy new winter suit I had purchased in London, because outside it was uncomfortably cold. It seemed incredible that within less than twentyfour hours I had sweltered in the summer heat of London and encountered the winter cold of Edinburgh. ¶ I made up my laundry and then went out to explore for cigars and a restaurant. I found a restaurant at the railway station next to the Caledonia Hotel, but no cigars. In the next block I found a shop. The proprietor said curtly and ungraciously, yes he had cigars, but they were tuppence each (about 10 cents), and turned away with an air as if that settled the matter. I said I would take half a dozen. He had only four and parted with them regretfully. After walking several blocks and seeing only one small, cheap looking restaurant I returned to the grill room of the Caledonia. The service was very poor and it took a long time to get anything. However, the mutton chops, potatoes, and bread were excellent. ¶ A scotch gentleman took a seat opposite me at the table and we soon fell into conversation. He had much to say about his education in Germany. He said that times would be good in Edinborough if it were not for the coal strike and the high price of coal, that he was paying 55 shillings a ton for coal that formerly cost him only 7½ shillings, and that everything else was high in proportion. ¶ I returned to the little rooming house on the back street and entered the narrow corridor without seeing anyone. At the far end was a narrow desk and a light, and as I was curious to know in advance what my hall bedroom was to cost me, I called out but got no response. Then I began knocking on the desk to attract attention. There was no parlor or other place to sit. After a time the landlady came in and I learned from her that the charge for my room would be 8½ shillings a day (about \$2.25)

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which was about four times what a similar room would cost in most other countries. Decidedly Edinburgh made a bad impression upon me that first evening and I hoped my stay in it would be short.

Tuesday, Sept. 21, clear and cold. At 9 a.m. I went down to the little dining room in the rear of the house for breakfast. It consisted of a bowl of oatmeal, bacon and eggs fried together and so flabby and greasy I could not eat them, oatmeal crackers, and a bowl of milk and coffee which was very poor. I found another shop with cigars and bought the entire stock of seven. Then I left some films to be developed and printed.

I called at the American Consulate at 10.35, but the Consul had not yet come to his office. From a messenger I inquired the way to the Ministry of Agriculture, and succeeded in finding it. I inquired for the statistical division and was told that both the director and the assistant director were away. I was told that the previous day was a local holiday, so that many officials had arranged to spend the week end out of town and had not returned. I found the third in rank, but he could give me no information as to when the director would return. However, he talked freely in answer to my questions about the organization and work of the division.

At my request he took me to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, Sir Robert Gregg, a middle-aged, distinguished looking gentleman. With him was an assistant whose name sounded like Cail. Sir Robert was very cordial and not only promised full cooperation in the census project but talked freely about the work of the Board. He said that following the war there was an attempt at land settlement, that is, the subdivision of some of the larger estates and putting on the subdivisions some of the returned soldiers. This was done in the highlands and was generally successful. However, the public soon lost interest and the

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movement soon died down. He said that one of their problems was the attachment of the highlanders for the place of their birth, their lack of ambition, and their refusal to move to other sections where more and better land was available. He said also that since the war more land had been put down to grass, more siloes had been constructed, the livestock industry had increased, as well as dairying and poultry. Another activity of the board was the development of scientific research, especially in food production and the breeding of better strains of animals and plants, much of the work being done by the universities with government support. Our interview was interrupted by the coming of visitors, but when I rose to go he invited me to take luncheon with him and his assistant at the University Club.

At the appointed time we met at the University Club and had an excellent luncheon. Sir Robert seemed to be keenly interested in what I had to say about the countries I had visited. His assistant, Mr. Cail, said that an article by me for their monthly periodical would be highly appreciated. Sir Robert expressed the opinion that both Scotland and Ireland will devote more and more land to grass and the production of livestock and livestock products. When I said that the Scandinavian countries were greatly concerned over recent British restrictions on the importation of live animals and fresh meats and still more concerned over the announced policy of Great Britain to favor its own colonial constituents, Sir Robert replied, "Why not; why should not the British government so shape its policies as to strengthen the Empire." When I suggested that it might be greatly to the advantage of ~~the~~ of Great Britain, especially of the great industrial centers, to foster a food supply close at hand, such as Holland and Denmark, Norway and Sweden, he replied "Yes, of course; that simply shows the necessity of some sort of

~~(1926, Sept. Edinburgh) international agreement or understanding~~

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an international agreement or understanding. It is utterly absurd that these small countries should try to raise their own grain on poor soil and by strenuous efforts ^{while in} such countries as Australia, Canada, Argentina, and the United States, ~~where~~ one man with modern machinery can produce as much grain as a whole European village." I declined an invitation to walk back to the Ministry of Agriculture and we separated at 2.30 p.m. after a most agreeable and stimulating interview.

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p. 2147 → I returned to my hall bedroom for my kodak. Then I walked back to the ~~M~~inistry and had a very satisfactory interview with Mr. Ramsey, whom I had previously met in Rome. He talked freely and intelligently about agricultural conditions in Scotland.

From the Ministry I walked to Princess Street, the great boulevard along the brink of the gorge at the bottom of which runs the Midland Railway, and to the south end where I saw a ~~tower with~~ ^{hill} ~~colonade~~ ^{hill} ~~high~~ ^{hill} ~~high~~ ^{hill} with a tower and colonade. I could not get a picture of the ~~hall~~ ^{hill} from the street because of its height, so I climbed it. On the way I saw two little girls playing on a ~~style~~ ^{hill}. They were chubby and pink, playful and innocent as kittens, and to my surprise sans panties--a rare sight in northern countries. ^POn top of the ~~hill~~ ^{hill} I found the city observatory, some old cannon, and a small park. From this elevation one has a fine view of old Edinburgh, the high bluff on the other side of the canyon, the canyon itself, landscaped and adorned with green sward, trees, and flowers, at the bottom of which the railway enters to the very heart of the city below the level of its streets so that it is invisible to pedestrians. To the south or east one can see a great inlet and the coast of the North Sea trailing away until it is lost to view. In that direction also one overlooks a new city on the

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flat ground along the waterfront. Far to the north one catches glimpses of a great steel bridge, beyond which appear numerous islands and channels. From the hill the haze in the atmosphere made the promontories and cliffs of the ^acost and the fortress walls and castles across the ravine look like a dream of medieval times. The only city and harbor that I have seen that can be compared with what I saw from the hill in Edinburgh is Rio de Janeiro, but that is golden with color, and this was gray, solemn, stern, and a trifle forbidding.

Top.
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At our luncheon Sir Robert Gregg had mentioned a recent address by a Scottish representative at London to the effect that agriculture had become specialized and that specialization in America had been made possible by the increase of people on the land, in great part by the large land owners going without revenue from their investment; and in France through subsidies by the government in the form of ^{high}tariffs and ~~high~~bounties. Sir Robert referred to the fact that at the close of the war the British parliament had passed a law granting bounties to guarantee a minimum profit on wheat, but that this law was repealed within six months because it was found upon investigation to be impracticable and dangerous.

After viewing the landscape and seascape from the promontory on which I stood I walked back to my room, taking pictures on the way of the monument in the form of a cathedral to Sir Walter Scott. Also I found a bar where I was able to buy a pint of Scotch whiskey. At the Caledonia I stopped to have a glass of ale, which was very good. I returned later to the grill room and was shown to a small table to one side at which sat a middle-aged and rather silent man. I hesitated and asked the waiter if he could ~~not~~ find a table not already occupied. He said that was the only ^vvacant seat, and I gave my order. More than thirty minutes elapsed before a dish ar-

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(1926, Sept. Edinburgh.

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rived. The second dish arrived after another long wait, and I told the waiter to start a whiskey and soda in my direction so that it would have time to cross the city and back and reach me about the time I finished my supper; but if all he had to do was to cross the dining room and return I would allow him thirty minutes for the trip and I would time him, ~~and~~ I laid my watch ^{ostentatiously} by the side of my plate. This brought a laugh from my silent companion and a look of feeble surprise from the waiter. However, the waiter was duly impressed because the whiskey and soda was delivered within two minutes and the remainder of my order came within ten minutes. This diversion broke the ice with my taciturn companion, who said he was 65 years old, a cripple, and barely able to walk because of insufficient blood pressure; that because of his condition he had been an enthusiast for bicycles and now was even more enthusiastic about motor cars and had recently purchased a Rolls-Royce which was a source of great pleasure to him because he, a cripple, could travel so freely and rapidly, and so far.

Wednesday, Sept. 22, hazy and cold. After breakfast I walked around the head of the canyon above the railway station and up to the top of a steep hill to the old castle and other buildings. I followed a guide and party through the inclosure and saw some very old buildings, the Queen's chapel, the room in which the crown jewels and regalia of Scotland are kept, the room in which King James was born, the room in which Queen Mary was confined as a prisoner, the dungeons, the great hall filled with Scottish arms, the old cannon overlooking the city that was cast at Mons, Belgium, in the 14th century and that burst on firing a salute to King James, the cannon carriage that was used to transport the body of Queen Victoria and of King Edward ^{VII} ~~III~~, the spot where the two Douglas boys were executed, the spot where a beautiful lady was burned for

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Wednesday, Sept. 22, hazy and cold. After breakfast I walked around the head of the canyon above the railway station and up to the top of a steep hill to the old castle and other buildings. I

followed a guide and party through the inclosure and saw some very old buildings, the Queen's chapel, the room in which the crown jewels and regalia of Scotland are kept, the room in which King James was born, the room in which Queen Mary was confined as a

prisoner, the dungeons, the great hall filled with Scottish arms, the old cannon overlooking the city that was cast at Mons, Belgium, in the 14th century and that burst on firing a salute to King James, the cannon carriage that was used to transport the body of Queen

Victoria and of King Edward VII, the spot where the two Douglas boys were executed, the spot where a beautiful lady was burned for

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witchcraft, the old well 110 feet deep ~~and~~ which is said always to have about 60 feet of water in it--all these objects of interest to be seen in a ^{small} space on top of a little hill 440 feet high. The chapel is said to be the oldest and smallest church in Scotland, dating back to the 12th century. The guide said this hill was fortified long before the beginning of Scottish history. It is a most satisfactory fortified place to look at because of its height, the abruptness of its cliffs, the blackness of the stone, the forts, walls, and towers on top, and the interesting history connected with it. At one spot in the wall a stone slab was pointed out. Tradition says that when some workmen tapped the slab a hollow sound ~~was~~ was heard. It was taken out and inside the niche was found the skeleton of an infant wrapped in gold cloth, which gave rise to much speculation. One theory was that it was the true prince for which King James was a substitute. The infant skeleton was restored to its niche and the slab replaced--and is still an object of interest. History said that the castle had a dungeon, and upon excavating it was found. The guide said there were walls within walls and passages that communicated with the inner fort. Opposite the chapel was a ^{partly finished} new chapel or shrine ^{to} in commemoration of the Scottish soldiers that fell in the last great war. ~~that was partly finished.~~

Returning to the modern city I stopped to inspect a museum of modern art, where I saw some paintings that were pleasing and many more that were not. I had luncheon at a restaurant on Princess Street. From the window near my table on the second floor I had a fine view of the canyon and the ghostly hill beyond. The food was good but the service abominable. After a nap in my room I inspected several small parks. From the photographer's I obtained my developed films and prints, most of which were satisfactory. At the rooming house I inquired about my laundry and was told that the

Witchcraft, the old well 110 feet deep and which is said always to have about 50 feet of water in it--all these objects of interest to be seen in a space on top of a little hill 440 feet high. The chapel is said to be the oldest and smallest church in Scotland, dating back to the 12th century. The guide said this hill was fortified long before the beginning of Scottish history. It is a most satisfactory fortified place to look at because of its height, the abruptness of its cliffs, the blackness of the stone, the forts, walls, and towers on top, and the interesting history connected with it. At one spot in the wall a stone slab was pointed out. Tradition says that when some workmen tapped the slab a hollow sound was heard. It was taken out and inside the niche was found the skeleton of an infant wrapped in gold cloth, which gave rise to much speculation. One theory was that it was the true prince for which King James was a substitute. The infant skeleton was re- stored to its niche and the slab replaced--and is still an object of interest. History said that the castle had a dungeon, and upon excavating it was found. The guide said there were walls within walls and passages that communicated with the inner fort. Opposite the chapel was a new chapel or shrine in commemoration of the Scottish soldiers that fell in the last great war, was partly finished. Returning to the modern city I stopped to inspect a museum of modern art, where I saw some paintings that were pleasing and many more that were not. I had luncheon at a restaurant on Princess Street. From the window near my table on the second floor I had a fine view of the canyon and the ghostly hill beyond. The food was good but the service abominable. After a nap in my room I inspected several small parks. From the photographer's I obtained my developed films and prints, most of which were satisfactory. At the rooming house I inquired about my laundry and was told that the

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laundry establishment was closed but that my laundry might be delivered that evening, or the following day. At the railway station I ascertained that several trains left for Glasgow during the night.

By 7 p.m. the laundry had not come. I had supper at the railway station and returned to my room and found the laundry had been delivered. Immediately I packed up, settled my account, and had my baggage transferred to the station.

I had an hour or more to wait for a train and spent it in a small bar near the station. My conclusion was that although Edinburgh was one of the most satisfying cities to the tourists's eye and imagination I had yet seen, nevertheless I was glad to be able to leave it, especially because of its poor and inadequate accommodations and the crusty unpreposs^{ess}ing exterior of its people. It seemed painful for them to smile, sinfull rather, and equally painful for dealers to sell their small stocks of cigars, for which they seemed to have a great affection and to part from them as if from old friends whom they never expected to see again. Along the streets doors and windows were kept tightly closed, usually with curtains down, and there was a conspicuous and noticeable absence of young people and children to be seen. No doubt the Scotch have a home life and a bright side to their character, but it is not visible to the transient visitor. Aside from the officials I met I did not see a human smile while I was in Edinburgh except on the face of the little overworked maid at the lodging house, and I saw her only the one time. Perhaps the smile she gave me was such a sin that she spent several days expiating it in church. No, decidedly, one visit to Edinburgh was quite enough, inspite of the beauty of its canyon and the mystery of its historical hill.

I secured a comfortable compartment on the train that rolled smoothly out of the station at 9.30 p.m., and with equal smoothness

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reached Glasgow at 10.45 p.m. In other words Glasgow was but little farther from Edinburgh than Baltimore is from Washington. I tried to get a room at the Central Station Hotel, but all rooms were taken. The clerk referred me to the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross, where I secured a small room on the top floor. Evidently Scotland was too poor to afford ~~hotels~~ sufficient hotel accommodations for the traveling public, and yet the prices they charged were sufficient to support first class hotels and service. My thought was that if only some enterprising American hotel keeper knew about it he could monopolize the trade of the traveling public in Scotland with great profit to himself ~~by erecting and~~ operating a few really good hotels with good service. My criticism of inferior hotel accommodations in Scotland and elsewhere is not merely cap-
tious or because I cannot put up with the same conditions of life as others, but to my feeling that in capital ~~cities~~, metropolitan, and manufacturing cities of large size one should reasonably expect better accommodations than he would hope to find in little country towns of backward countries. For example, there are many country towns in the United States and in some other countries with far better hotels than in Edinburgh or Glasgow. The Grand Hotel to which I went would have been classed as a sixth rate hotel in most towns of 10,000 inhabitants in America, North or South. So while I would occupy a canvas cot in a bare room with several strangers in a ⁱ primitive town without murmur, I felt very indignant at occ^upying back corridor bedrooms on top floors, without conveniences or service, in a large city and be expected to pay prices comparable with those of first class hotels in other countries.

After seeing my baggage deposited on the floor of the hall bedroom, I took a turn on the street. But the street was deserted, the displays in a few shop windows were cheap and uninteresting,

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so I returned to my bare little cubbyhole, there to scribble a few notes of first impressions, and crawl into a hard little bed and try to get some sleep.

Thursday, Sept. 23, cloudy and gloomy. I was awakened at 7 a.m. by a pounding on the door. I got up and opening the door found a pot of hot water outside and no one in sight, so I went back to bed. I got up at 8 a.m. and read a placard on the wall informing occupants that rooms must be vacated before noon or another day would be charged. So I immediately packed my belongings and carried them to the ground floor and paid my bill, about \$3.50 for the night. I got permission from the clerk to leave my baggage in a corner next to a little hat rack. Outside I found the street almost deserted. I walked down to the Clyde River, a narrow, dirty, ill smelling stream, with many dirty and unkempt barges.. At many street corners I saw crowds of listless men standing about and upon inquiry learned that they were unemployed waiting for some one to come along and hire them. I passed several railway stations and came out at Municipal Square where I sat and rested for awhile. I went into a cheap restaurant and had a bite to eat and a glass of ale. The crowds of poor, underfed, diseased, and hopeless looking people I saw on the streets were very depressing--worse than anything I had seen in Europe except Moscow.

I returned to the hotel shortly after noon and had a fairly good luncheon because I was early and talked to the head waiter who said he was thinking of trying to go to America. He said he got acquainted with many Americans during the war and liked them, but he had been told there was much prejudice against Englishmen. He said he had an acquaintance who went to Australia and did not like it because the Australians looked down upon any one from England. This acquaintance reported that he had to work for a living,

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which he had not expected, wages were low, the work was hard, there was lack of amusement and society, and he was desperately homesick for dear old Glasgow.

After luncheon I took a long walk down St. Vincent Street a considerable distance beyond the railway station, which reminds me that in no other city of the world had I seen so many railway stations. Beyond the stations the houses became cheaper and cheaper. I was astounded at the number of idle men standing at corners, presumably waiting for employment. They were unhappy, despondent, hopeless looking men. I was also astonished at the number of mothers on the streets, poorly clad, usually wearing an old shawl over their shoulders with a heavy baby or child in it. Still more was I astonished at the number of deformed, bow-legged, undernourished children, and the far greater number of dirty, diseased, and loathsome children and infants on the streets. A child without blemish of some kind was rare. The number of these wretched mothers and children to be seen on the streets ~~was~~ was far greater than I had seen anywhere else, not even in Moscow, because in Moscow there was less evidence of disease. Poor as the poor are in Naples and other Italian cities, it should be remembered that they have sunshine and wear bright colors in their clothes, whereas in Glasgow the poor must put up with somber skies, much smoke and soot, a gloomy climate, see nothing but houses blackened by smoke, and conform to a custom that requires them to wear dingy clothing. I noted also that most of the men on the streets had pallid faces and most of the women red noses.

At 4 p.m. I returned to the Grand Hotel, took a nap in a chair to pass the time until 7 p.m. when I could go aboard the boat that would take me to Belfast. It was a dull drab day for me and a tiresome one, because I had given up my room to avoid paying

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an outrageous price for the use of a hall bedroom for a few hours. After dozing fitfully in the chair I called for a whiskey and soda and felt somewhat more cheerful. I had a fairly good supper at the hotel.

I went aboard the ship shortly after 8 p.m., and found I was booked with another passenger, ^{and} but was told that I could not have a separate cabin. The ship got under way at 9 p.m. I went to the smoking room and found it crowded with other passengers, but it sounded good to hear their lively conversation, their witty remarks, their laughter, and I realized as I had never realized before the difference between the dour character of the Scottish people and the light hearted good nature of the Irish, because most of the passengers were obviously Irish, and I felt like saying "God bless the Irish"--for their impulsive, kindhearted, good nature. ^P I had a whiskey and soda and got into conversation with an irascible Irish gentleman who, the moment he discovered I was an American, spoke bitterly and rather insultingly of the outcome of the war and the part the United States had taken in it. I listened patiently and forbearingly for awhile until my limit was reached and then I turned on him wrathfully and said, "See here, my friend, if you will stop to consider what might have been the situation of the Irish and of Ireland if the United States had not sent over 3,000,000 men and turned the scale. ^I If you have sense enough to understand what German domination of Great Britain and of Ireland would have meant, and all that prevented it was America's intervention, you would get down on your knees right here and now and pray to the blessed Virgin to shorten your term in purgatory for your utter damn foolishness. Don't you know that all the Irish with any sense went to the United States, that there are more Irishment in the United States than there are in Ireland, and its the good American

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dollars that your brothers and cousins send over here that keeps ~~than~~ damn fool Irish on Irish soil alive and able to yell their heads off for something they dream about but know nothing about. If the Germans had you, and they would have you if it had not been for America, you would be shoveling dirt and getting no wages and very little food, and if you talked to them as you have talked to the British, you would get a kick in the pants, or ^rpison, or be stood up against a wall and shot. ^{Just} ~~say~~ get that clear in your mind as to what your beloved German friends would do to you, and compare it with the very considerate treatment of the British. Why, we in America thin^k the British are fools to put up with the childish foolishness of you ignorant Irish; it would not be tolerated in any other country of the world; and you know it, ~~or~~ if you did not know it you would not be living now in Ireland; you must know as well as I do that any Irishman living in Ireland is either a fool or a coward, because if he was not a fool he would not live in Ireland, and if he was not a coward he would have left it long ago. Now, what have you got to say to a man who has many Irish friends in America?" He glared at me. I glared back. With my hand in my pocket I said, "A shot is quicker than a blow, understad? If you ever talk before another American as you have talked before me you will be in purgatory so quick it will make your head swim.= He got up abruptly and left the room. There was a brief silence at the neighboring table, but soon good humor again prevailed.

Friday, Sept. 24, showers followed by clear skies and cool temperature. Ø I was awakened at 6 a.m. by the noise of people walking about. I dressed~~and~~ went on deck and saw that we were passing through a narrow channel with much shipping. We reached a wharf at 7 a.m. I got a carriage and drove a mile or more through slummy looking streets to the Midland Railway Hotel. The servants were cleaning up

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childish foolishness of you ignorant Irish; it would not be toler-
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did not know it you would not be living now in Ireland; you must
know as well as I do that any Irishman living in Ireland is either
a fool or a coward, because if he was not a fool he would not live
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and I had to wait half an hour for a room. It was a small hall room and the curtain to the window would not work. The upper half of the window was open and it was very cold. I took a nip of whiskey for the cold and shaved. Then I walked something over a mile to an open square in the business section, stopping en route for some oats and coffee. *PP* My first call was at the American Consulate. The Consul was out of town, but the Vice-Consul was present, cordial, and helpful. At 9.30 a.m. he called by telephone and ~~sa~~ ascertained that the Minister of Agriculture was out of town and that the Director of Agriculture had not reached his office. Then he got in touch with Mr. Gordon of the Minister's office who said I could come over immediately. *PP* I found the Ministry of Agriculture in a large dark brick building within two squares of the municipal building, and with little trouble located Mr. Gordon, an elderly gentleman, very animated in speech, ^{who} ~~and he~~ apologized for the absence of the director of Statistics and Intelligence. However, he said he was authorized to assure me of the full cooperation of North Ireland in the census project--which did not mean much because they have a census every year. He described in detail the organization and work of his department and the methods used in taking the annual census. During the interview we were joined by Prof. Robieson of the University. The three of us lunched together at "Thompson's," a restaurant on the second floor of a large building centrally located. My companions were both very agreeable and friendly. *PP* After luncheon Prof. Robieson took me in his Ford car to my hotel, where I got my baggage and settled my bill. Then he drove me across town to Queen's College where the scientific research work is done and instruction relating thereto given. The University building was an old brick structure erected in 1837. Part of the laboratory equipment was installed in war emergency buildings. After inspecting

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the laboratories, in which Prof. Robieson seemed to take great pride, although to me laboratories are all pretty much alike, he took me and my baggage to the railway station and I found a seat in the train for Dublin leaving at 2.30 p.m.

The afternoon was bright and clear. For the first twenty miles out of Belfast the train ran through a rather level but slightly undulating country of green meadows, dairy cattle, and neat little cottages and gardens. The roads were excellent and the villages close together. Then for an hour or more the train climbed up into a rocky hill section where all the small fields were separated by stone fences. The soil appeared to be stony and very poor. ~~Then~~ The train crossed a little divide and ran down grade for an hour or more, still through a stony section with little vegetation and small fields separated by stone fences. The whole country was covered with furz or gorse in bloom, purple, white, or yellow. Every^{where} the grass was green, indicating plenty of moisture. Very little ground had been in wheat or was in root crops. The few turnip patches I saw looked poor and full of weeds. The few sheep I saw were small and poor in comparison with those of Scotland, but the dairy cows seemed to be very good. I saw a few large horses, and many small ponies. No orchards were to be seen. At several places, especially near Belfast, I saw the silvery white, glistening, silky flax fibers in long ropes laid out on the grass to bleach. The few fields not separated by stone walls were marked off by hawthorn hedges. The absence of trees was noticeable. The few trees one saw were mostly oaks and a few pines. The few streams we crossed were small and insignificant. The train followed a canal for many miles. The country was attractive because of its greenness^{and} its undulating half-mountainous character. ^PThe last sixty miles of the trip was along the eastern shore within sight of the sea, ^{Irish} ~~or rather the Irish~~

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(1926, Ireland, Sept.

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~~Channel:~~

At Dundalk we crossed the border into the Irish Free State, about half way between Belfast and Dublin. Here the train was boarded by armed guards, which reminded me of ~~Maxx~~ Russia, and inspectors, who were almost as strict and formal as the Soviet stableboys, but infinitely better looking. Every item of baggage ^{was} ~~wa~~ examined with scrupulous care as coming from the hated North Ireland. A commercial traveler in my coach who had made a declaration concerning his samples was compelled to get off the train and await the next one in order that his declaration could be checked against the samples. The guards and inspectors seemed to be particularly "cocky," in their attitude and bearing, manner and speech, as if they thoroughly enjoyed wearing a uniform and lording it over unarmed passengers. I devoutly wished some of my second generation Irish-American friends might have been along, just to hear their frank American-Irish comments on this spectacle. From this point we passed through a beautifully green country, much grass, many stone fences, good roads, ^{and} neat cottages, but the crops were poor and meager. [^] ~~^~~ ^{was} Much of the way ~~wa~~ along the beach.

The train reached Dublin at 5.30 p.m. In a taxie I went to the Shellbourne Hotel, where I was given a nice large room on the second floor with private bath, open fireplace, and comfortable furniture--the most homelike quarters I had encountered since leaving Copenhagen, which made me feel correspondingly pleased and contented with the prospect. After washing up I took a short walk through Stephen's Green park in front of the hotel. Then I took a turn through some of the side streets back of the hotel and saw some miserable specimens of humanity and much filth.

The supper in the hotel was a disappointment. The dining room was magnificent, but there was no music, and the food was poor. Af-

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The train reached Dublin at 5.30 p.m. In a taxi I went to the Shelbourne Hotel, where I was given a nice large room on the second floor with private bath, open fireplace, and comfortable furniture--the most homelike quarters I had encountered since leaving Copenhagen, which made me feel correspondingly pleased and contented with the prospect. After washing up I took a short walk through Stephen's Green park in front of the hotel. Then I took a turn through some of the side streets back of the hotel and saw some miserable specimens of humanity and much filth.

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(1926, Sept., Dublin.

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ter supper I went to my room and did some typewriting. ^P At 9 p.m. I took a walk on the streets again. Seeing a lighted barroom I entered and ordered a glass of beer. An attractive young woman appeared from somewhere and without invitation seated herself beside me and asked for some beer. I paid for it. I asked her if she was a native of Dublin and how she came to be in a barroom. She had a tale of woe to tell, a widowed mother, ill and helpless, a household full of little brothers and sisters to look after, and no employment, and she had entered the barroom in the hope that some kind gentleman would help her. Throughout this conversation she was as modest and decorous as any lady could be. Then an older and less attractive woman entered and joined us, also without invitation. For the sake of company and psychological diversion I paid for a glass of beer for this female. She also, it appeared, was the sole support of a large and dependent family, and was out of employment. Then I made one of the few mistakes of my life by accepting their invitation to take a carriage ride with them in the park, but with the distinct understanding beforehand that the ride was to last not longer than thirty minutes. It was a foolish thing to do, as I fully appreciated at the time, but I was curious to see what these two women proposed to do and how they would behave. ^H We entered a dilapidated closed carriage that was parked outside to which was attached an old horse, and the driver was an old man with a drooping mustache. The three of us entered the carriage and occupied the one seat, I between the two women. Before entering I took the precaution of buttoning my coat. Except for some loose change my funds were in a wallet that fitted a hip pocket so tightly that it could not be removed without much effort. The younger of the two women was very quiet and simply put her arm about my neck and leaned her head against my shoulder, while my arm encircled her waist--

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(1926, Sept. Dublin,

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all of which was very comfortable and agreeable for an elderly gentleman who was just a little lonely in a strange city. The elder woman kept up a rapid fire conversation. I disliked her heartily and felt that she was an unwelcome and unnecessary intrusion. I observed that the carriage was taking us through dark streets in a squalid section of the city and there were few landmarks by which I could mark our course. After a space of time I reminded my companions that we were to drive through a park and not through streets, and that I was to be returned to my hotel within thirty minutes. The girl at my side simply squeezed my hand and kissed me; the woman continued to chatter, the burden of her song being that we were about to enter the park and would be back in good time. But the carriage continued in the same direction. After a further ride, during which I kept my eyes on passing objects and all my senses alert, we passed into a thinly settled suburb of scattering hovels and no city lights, but no sign of a park. Then I felt the elder ^{of} ~~to~~ the two women feeling of my pockets. Her hand stole around and fingered the wallet in my hip pocket. I was partly sitting on it and knew that it would be almost impossible for her to withdraw it. As soon as I felt a distinct pull on the wallet I called sharply to the driver to stop. He did so in a vacant space near an isolated light. I reached around and quickly grasped the hand that was fishing for my wallet and said quietly, "That will do. Here is where you wanted to go and we separate right here." The young woman was quiet and gave no trouble, but the elder woman instantly became very abusive and showed indications of becoming violent. I reached forward, unlatched and opened the door and as she struck at my face with her fist I placed my hands on her shoulder, gave her a shove, caught her in the back with my knees and with the full strength of my legs thrust her out. She fell in a heap and swearing scandalous-

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(1926, Sept. Dublin.

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ly. I slid out and with my heavy-headed cane said in a low but distinct voice "Shut up, be quiet, or I will put you to sleep with this stick and you will wake up in a police station. Not another word." She caught the glint of the heavy ^head of my upraised stick and was silent. The other young woman had dismounted and stood to one side. I said to her, without removing my eyes from the older woman, "My dear, you seem to be a good sort but in bad company. You may ride back with me or stay with this thief of a woman, just as you choose." She was silent. The elder woman spoke up and asked why she could not ride back with me. "Because the carriage is not big enough for me and a thief, a common, sluttish thief," I ^{replied} said. To the younger woman I said, "I'm sorry." She replied, "I'm sorry, too." Without removing my eyes from the elder woman I said, "Driver, you know the way to the Shelbourne Hotel. You can take me there and get paid for your time and trouble, or take these women back and be arrested with them within an hour, because I know exactly where the last police station is that we passed. Which shall it be. It's up to you?" ^{He said he would take me to the hotel.} "All right," I said, and as I backed to the carriage ~~door~~ I said to the older woman, "Not a word out of you; the next time you try a game on an American, first find out if he is armed and sober; I would just as soon drop you in your tracks as to shoot a skunk. I hope you will think it over as you walk back." I backed into the carriage, slammed the door, and told the driver to drive on. He did so, and in less time than I expected drew up in front of the hotel. When I got out and paid him his ^{fare} fair, he was grinning and bowing and said, "Ye certainly treated ~~thim~~ ^{him} right, Sor; they's a bad lot. Y're the first wan I've seen treat 'em right." "Well, this is my first night in Dublin," I said, "and I hope all the Irish women are not like that." "Oh, no, ~~no~~, Sor, don't think it. Them's simply night ^hawks, them is. They's out to take advantage of gin-

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(1926, Sept., Dublin.

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tllemen. But for wance they got what was comin' to Hem. Thank ye, Sor." And with a wave of his hand and a broad grin he drove off. I entered the hotel meekly enough and ascended to my room with a profound sense of my monumental folly and a forming resolution that it should never happen again. Net result, cost of two extra beers and a cab fare. Might have been worse, assuredly, and would have been had I been foolish enough to drink too much. Analysing the occurrence, it seemed to me that the mistake was in admitting the elder woman to the table. She was clearly a criminal and wholly unscrupulous. The younger woman was not yet hardened, still human, and had honestly tried to be agreeable without thought of robbery, and my sympathy went out to her. Nevertheless, I resolved that there would be no more rides with doubtful ladies, however attractive, to mythical parks.

Saturday, Sept. 25, clear and cold. I had retired the previous night at 11 p.m., and slept right through until 11 a.m. Evidently my long walks in Edinburgh and Glasgow and activities since had taxed my strength. After breakfast I telephoned to Mr. ^HWinchcliff at the Ministry of Agriculture, whom I had met several times at Rome. He replied that he and other officials were tied up in an important conference, but would be glad to see me the following Monday. Evidently I could transact no official business this day, because offices closed at noon on Saturdays. ^HI found a photographic establishment, left some films to be developed, and bought a new supply. Then I walked through the park and circled out through some of the ^mslummiest streets I had ever seen, and on through the ⁿbanking district about noon, when I found a grill and stopped for an excellent steak and potatoes and half a bottle of wine. Then back to the park for some pictures, and to my room to do some typewriting and address postcards to relatives and friends. ^HThe room was downright

(1936, Sept., Dublin.

M-1912.

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(1926, Sept. Dublin.

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cold and I was shiveringly uncomfortable, which I always paralyses me. In my resentful anger at this feeling I wondered what these callous brutes did in really cold weather, and then the open fireplace caught my eye and I had a sudden inspiration. I put my finger on the service bell. Within a few minutes a neat little maid appeared. I pointed to the open fireplace and asked if a fire was ever made in it. She said, "Why, yes, certainly, Sir." "Well, I said I come from the tropics and can't stand Arctic weather. If you can have a big fire ~~mix~~ made in that fireplace, big enough to heat this room, I will pay any price and bless you and kiss you." "Certainly, Sir," she replied and disappeared. While she was gone I took a stiff nip of Irish whiskey to keep my blood in circulation. Soon the little maid reappeared with two hods, one full of kindling wood and the other full of soft coal. She got down on her knees to make the fire and refused all offers to assist her. First she crumpled up a piece of newspaper, on top of which she laid some splinters, and on top of that some lumps of coal. Then she lighted the paper with a match. The paper flashed, the kindling caught and ^ssnapped, and the coal began to burn and ^glow as if it were saturated with oil. I gave the girl a shilling and she bowed and scraped her way out backwards. But how that fire burned and what a difference it made! Glory, hallelujah, how it blazed and snapped and glowed and lit up the somber room and warmed the air and I thawed out and became normal again. Such solid comfort I had not experienced for years. Life was worth living again.

At 7.30 p.m. ^gI went to the Jannart Grill and had a fine mutton chop, potatoes, bread and butter, and half a bottle of wine. Returning to my room I ^uluxuriated in an easy chair and a glowing fire. As I sat toasting my feet I thought of the grill and of the two young men who had drank too much and were boisterous and noisy.

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At 7.30 p.m. I went to the Lament Grill and had a fine mutton chop, potatoes, bread and butter, and half a bottle of wine. Returning to my room I luxuriated in an easy chair and a glowing fire. As I sat toasting my feet I thought of the grill and of the two young men who had drank too much and were potterous and noisy.

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Observing that supplies of liquid refreshments were getting low, I rang the service bell. A maid appeared and I asked for a bottle of the best Irish whiskey and a comfortable arm chair. The one in the room would not do. She hesitated a moment, disappeared, and soon returned with a luxurious arm chair. She disappeared again and again returned to announce that there were no pint bottles of whiskey. I said, "Bring anything you've got, pint, quart, gallon, keg, or barrel." She again disappeared, and soon returned and asked if I would let her have my flask. I said "Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," and handed her a half pint flask that I carried for emergencies. Another long wait and the damsel returned with the flask filled and apologizing for the delay. Then I ran off a letter to wifie and inclosed newspaper clippings about the tropical heat in London. I have rarely enjoyed an evening by an open fire as I enjoyed sitting in front of that one, in a big easy chair, a glass of good whiskey, and a good cigar, and watching the flames flicker and leap about the glowing coals. It was my first experience with British coal. The coal seemed rather soft and burned much like wood, with plenty of flame and much snapping and popping.

Sunday, Sept. 26, bright forenoon, rainy afternoon. After dressing I walked down the street to a restaurant and was surprised to find it closed. I walked about a mile farther and saw that all restaurants were closed. So I had to walk back to the hotel for breakfast. Then I rode on a bus out to Phoenix Park, passing Trinity University, Nelson's Column, and across the Livy River, which is little more than a canal. It is crossed by many bridges and was full of shipping. We passed several large churches and traversed a residential section. Phoenix Park is on the outskirts of Dublin, is very large, includes a hill, a ravine, and a lake, many beautiful lawns, ornamental trees and shrubs, and many beds of flowers. An

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(1926, Sept. Dublin.

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unusual feature of the park was the iron fences that separated different sections, so that if one wished to pass from one section to another he could do so only through gates provided for that purpose . One section of the park was landscaped with lawns and beautiful flowers. Dahlias and asters were at their best. At one ^{end} of the park was a large square granite column erected to O'Connor. I walked across the park to a stream and a bridge where I took some pictures.

At the hotel I had a fire made in my room and spent the rest of the afternoon writing a report which I finished at 8 p.m. I had supper in the hotel dining room. It was a cheerful place ^{because} of the lights, the great wall mirrors, and the well dressed company. I spent a very enjoyable evening in my room in front of the cheerful fire.

(^{Wife} ~~Dragon~~ ^{Sept. 25}, grat ~~folder~~).

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(Duggan, Sept. 20, Gray folder. ^{Wife}

(1926, Sept. Dublin.

E--2166.

Monday, the 27th, clear and frosty. After breakfast in the hotel dining room I sat awhile in the lounge before a nice open fire. At the appointed time I called at the Ministry of Agriculture, which was in a large granite building around the corner from the hotel. There I met two representatives of the department, a Mr. Thomas, and Mr. D. McGrath, Director of the Intelligence Division; and two representatives of the Department of Industry, Mr. J. Hooper, Director of the Bureau of Statistics, and his assistant, Mr. Lyons. I had a very satisfactory conference with these gentlemen, who promised full cooperation in the census and explained in detail the organization and work of their departments. We then reviewed the proposed census questionnaire form item by item.

After separating from the committee I went to the National Gallery and ~~ex~~ inspected the paintings and sculptures. There were many portraits that probably professional artists could appreciate better than a layman, but to me they were rather depressing. In the entire collection the only paintings that ~~were~~ were pleasing to me were three or four by Turner. One of them, a Sunset on the Tiber at Rome is a marvelous thing. This one picture alone justifies all that Ruskin said about Turner's command of light. Then I bought half a pint of Irish whiskey and some little cigars, for which fabulous prices were charged, \$2.00 for the whiskey, and 12 cents apiece for the cigars, these prices being about four times as much as those in the United States.

At 3 p.m. I called again at the Department of Agriculture and had an interview with Mr. Hinchcliff, Director of Agriculture. We had met at Rome and our interview was most friendly. He arranged for an interview with Mr. Hogan, the Minister, author of a law authorizing the expropriation and subdivision of large estates. Mr. Hogan was a young looking man with a frank and winning smile,

Ireland
notes
(1926, Sept. Dublin.

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vivacious manners, and a fluent talker. When I asked him what important changes had taken place in Irish agriculture in recent years and what problems his department considered most pressing and important, he hesitated until I said I had asked the ~~same~~ *same* questions of practically every minister of agriculture in Europe and that I asked them only because a clear understanding of those changes and difficulties by the Institute would enable it better to cooperate with the adhering governments in its statistical, agromomic, and economic services, besides giving me a better idea of the conditions that would have to be met in the various countries in their attempt to take an agricultural census at the same time and according to the same general plan. He nodded thoughtfully, smiled, and ~~and~~ launched into a rapid summary of agricultural conditions in Ireland, which was the clearest statement of its kind I had heard any minister make. He said that Ireland is a land of small farms, and always will be; it is a land of grass because of its cool moist climate and therefore is best adapted to the raising of livestock; that it seemed desirable to increase the ratio of crop lands from 12 to about 15 per cent, with a possible maximum of about 20 per cent; that because of Ireland's advantageous position with respect to British markets special efforts were being made to improve the quality of cattle and pigs and dairy products; that a law had been passed requiring the licencing of bulls; that they were trying to develop a dual purpose cow with good beef conformation and give upwards of 600 ~~poundsxxx~~ gallons of milk a year; that the department had established a trade mark which dairymen were permitted to use only when their establishments conformed to certain specified requirements as to equipment, sanitation, methods of handling, and the like; that these requirements were ~~religiously~~ rigidly enforced and but few estab-

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 requirements were ~~religiously~~ rigidly enforced and but few estab-

(1926, Sept. Dublin.

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lishments had succeeded in meeting them, but the department hoped in this way to make its trade mark a guarantee of the best quality in the world, and that those firms selling butter under the trade marking~~ing~~ in London were getting such fancy prices that they were not quoted, the daily quotations being for the common run of inferior butter; that the department hoped to increase the number of dairy associations and to confederate them so as to ship large quantities of high quality butter, and also to do the same with poultry and eggs; That some of the land in Ireland is equal to the best in America; that the real cash crop in Ireland was barley for brewing purposes; that Guinness is one of the largest breweries in the world and that it adjusts barley prices just high enough to induce farmers to grow it, but low enough so that the grower can make no profit. Then he told about his land scheme for the subdivision of large estates and the extreme difficulty that was experienced in inducing poor people that were practically starving on a few ancestral acres to move a short distance to larger tracts of better land.

After we separated I returned to my room to leave my kodak. Then I took a walk down by Trinity College, stopping on the way for a whiskey and soda. When the waiter served me I offered him the customary tip and was surprised when he refused it, saying that the waiters union had decided against the acceptance of tip^s. After a long walk during which I noticed the absence of music, of dance halls, and of other places of amusement, I returned to the hotel to pack up. After this was done I sat before the cheerful open fire and reviewed my impressions of Dublin. One outstanding impression was that the people one sees on the streets of Dulin are rather undersized and thin, much as those to be seen on the streets of Brussels; also that they give the impression of being impulsive,

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rather irresponsible, mentally alert, and very quick of speech.

Tuesday, Sept. 28, cloudy and cold. I was awakened at 7 a.m. on a call left with the desk the evening before. This was fortunate because I found that my Moscow watch had stopped during the night. After breakfast and paying my account I took the bus to Kingston. There were very few people on the streets of Dublin at that hour. I saw some attractive buildings and grounds on the outskirts and along the country road.

At Kingston I found the steamer "Hibernian" to be large and comfortable. I sat awhile in the smoking room, had a whiskey and soda and a smoke, a nap, and then walked the deck. The boat made good time across the Irish Sea to Holyhead, where we arrived at 11.10 a.m. There we had customs inspection and the young official who examined my baggage chided me for having in my possession half a dozen cigars and a fraction of a half pint of whiskey. He said they should have been declared. "But," I protested, "I smoke continuously, twenty to forty cigars a day, and sometimes I consume half a pint of whiskey a day. This little supply will barely last me to London, and so far as I know the train does not stop en route.

I'm sure His Majesty does not want me to go without these ordinary and customary comforts, nor any other British gentleman. It would be utterly absurd to declare six cigars and two drinks of whiskey. It would take a special board of expert appraisers and a mathematician to figure out the British duty on them and cost the British government more than they are worth. Rather than put such a drain upon the British exchequer I would toss them out of the window. How about it? Shall I throw them out; and if I do, will you hold up this bally train long enough for me to buy another supply and enrich the local British merchants and swell British commerce?" He grinned good naturedly, but with British obstinacy said I should have declared them. "All right, young man," I said, "the next time

(1926, Sept. England.

E--2170.

I invade the sacred soil of my British ancestors I shall have prepared a complete list of my personal equipment, including so many pins, so many needles, so many buttons, so many cigars to smoke en route, so many nips of whiskey for personal consumption, so many troubles, so many joys, so many blessings, one of the best of which is living in a country where the government does not have ~~spasms~~ ^{spasms} over the introductions of articles whose total value is less than two shillings." He put his chalk ~~marks~~ ^a on the baggage, but as a parting admonition said, "But, you know, you ought to have declared them." May be I ought. A great principle was involved, and principles take no cognizance of number, quantity, value, size, or relative importance. Such a pity customs inspectors and lots of other people could not take a course in Einstein's theory of relativity.

I then entered a compartment of a train which was under guard until it started. I had an excellent luncheon on the dining car. From Holyhead to Chester the train follows the beach. Back from the beach are high hills, almost small mountains. It is an attractive country, marshy in places, with outcroppings of stone, little ~~hedges~~ ^e hedges of bushes and heather, green grass, and long lanes bordered with hedges. Many of the small mountains are simply bare rock and shale. Near Chester the country is very pretty because of the trees, green meadows, and hedges. At Chester there seemed to be coal mines that were idle on account of the strike. Later I was told by Mr. Foley that at Chester are some old Roman ruins. I shall remember Chester also for the fact that the sun broke through the clouds for a few minutes and lit up the city and surrounding landscape. From Chester to Cram, 2.40 p.m., practically all the land is under grass with much cattle and sheep. The train followed a canal, which was without boats. All road crossings were elevated

(1928, Sept. 1928)

2170

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(1926, Sept. England.

E--2171.

above^t the railway. Between the two cities I saw two high wooded hills on the tops of which were fortified castles. The whole country was like a well kept park of green meadows dotted with oaks singly and in groves. We passed through Rugby at 4.10 p.m., in a rich, limestone, farming country. Manufacturing towns and cities were close together. We were still following a canal. Pasture and woodland still predominated, parklike in character, with fine cattle and sheep. From Rugby to London the character of the country remained^h much the same, but villages, towns, and cities became more numerous as we approached the great center of population. Unquestionably it is one of the most attractive countries to be seen in the world with its green meadows, spreading oaks, cattle, sheep, villages, and manufacturing towns in quick succession.

We reached the station in London at 5.50 p.m. At the Victoria Hotel I was assigned a room the exact duplicate of the one I had before.^{and} directly above it. After turning over to the hotel valet some suits to be pressed I drove to the Cafe Royal. There I treated myself to a fine steak, fried potatoes, a lettuce salad, bread and butter, and half a bottle of wine, for which I paid \$3.75 and felt it was worth it. At the hotel lounge I heard some good music, after which I repaired to my room well disposed for a good night's sleep.

Wednesday, the 29th, partly cloudy and warm. After breakfast I walked to the office of Mr. Foley where I received letters from home, one from my sister to the effect that the balance to the credit of Sunny Hill Farm was \$1,055, which was gratifying. Also I received a copy of my bulletin on Argentina, No. 1409, and copies of the Monthly Bulletin from the International Institute of Agriculture giving my itinerary in four languages. Mr. Foley instructed his assistant to arrange for my transportation to Paris the fol-

(1926, Sept. England.

W-2171.

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(1926, Sept. London.

E--2172.

lowing day and to wire for a hotel reservation. We talked until nearly 1 p.m. The open fire in his office smoked badly. We had luncheon together at the American Club with the Swedish agricultural attache, with Mr. Smith of our bureau, and a Mr. Green of the Department of Commerce.

Mr. Smith was especially interesting. He said he was in the grain elevator business for many years, was with Mr. Hoover in relief work during the war, and for two years was a technical adviser in Poland. From him I learned that Dr. E. Dana Durand organized the Central Bureau of Statistics in Poland. He suggested that the International Institute of Agriculture should estimate the production and stocks of grain for the world periodically.

The Swedish attache had spent a week in Scotland. He mentioned a form of sale of land that was new to me; in other words, instead of an outright sale the land is leased in perpetuity for an annual rent. He also mentioned a system of growing crops that was new to me, namely, some farmers would plant a crop of beets or turnips, and at the proper time the crop would be auctioned off to the highest bidder, usually a dairyman who wanted it to feed his cows. He said there were dairymen who owned cows and rented barns to shelter them, bought feed for them, and hired men to milk them, and unless they figured very closely they lost money. He said that in Sweden there were 35 beet sugar factories that prospered under a subsidy before the war and because of high prices for a time after the war, but the subsidy was discontinued and prices had fallen so that they were no longer able to operate.

Mr. Foley said that the British cotton and woolen spinners were losing ground, partly because silk and artificial silk were coming into use for underwear and partly because they continue to operate old machinery that is obsolete, while the continental

(1926, Sept. London.

E--2173.

spinners were adopting new machinery, increasing their output, and cutting into the British trade. He pointed out that England was taking only half the cotton the United States was utilizing; that the United States had twice as many spindles and paid one-third higher wages, and that the situation in England was partly the result of trade unions that limited hours of labor and output so as to give employment to a larger number of workers.

On the street I laid in a supply of cheap cigars and stopped at Cook's agency to buy some English and French money. Then I took a taxie to the London Tower and Bridge. The Tower is a gloomy stone building, like a small fortress or prison, surrounded by high stone walls. In it was a fine collection of old armor, the British crown jewels, and rooms in which celebrated people were beheaded, the axe used by the headsman, the place where others were hung, the chamber in which Jeffries drank himself to death and in which Sir Walter Raleigh lived until he was beheaded and where he wrote his history of the world--a little room about twelve feet square, with no window and no light except when the door was opened, and the only openings for fresh air were hollow places so constructed in the walls that a prisoner could not see out.

The crown jewels were fine specimens both of precious stones and of the jeweler's art. The tower is really a fortress as well as a prison. The guards were dressed in uniforms of ancient style which give some color to otherwise somber surroundings.

London Bridge is of stone, massive and old looking, and on the side opposite the Tower are depressing looking slums, All the time I looked at the bridge the old nursery ^hryme kept running through my head, "London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down," and although it has been "falling down" for centuries in the minds of succeeding generations of children it still looks very

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(1925, Sept.London.

E--2174.

substantial.

At the hotel I found my newly pressed suits laid out neatly on the bed. I dressed in dinner jacket and went down to the lounge where I was soon joined by Mr.Foley. Together we went to the Reform Club where we were met by Mr.Thompson, our host. The club was in a monumental building with a great interior dome, colonades, dimly lighted, and generally a funereal aspect. We proceeded up stairs, sat before an open fire, smoked, talked, and had a little supper. I remarked upon the unbroken quietness of the place, and Mr.Foley told the old story of the elderly member who sat in an armchair with a newspaper across his lap for several days until an attendant approached him and discovered that he was dead.

At 9 p.m. we took a taxie to Mr.Thompson's apartments in Chelsea where I met his wife and daughter. The apartments were small and unpretentious, simply but comfortably furnished, with a small gas stove to heat it. Mr.Foley and I sat in armchairs that leaned too far back for comfort. We were given a glass of cognac, then a cup of coffee, followed by a whiskey and soda. Conversation was rambling. They were interesting and congenial people, but our visit lasted too long. Mrs.Thompson said she had a brother who was an engineer, who travelled constantly, and was then in Spain. Mr.Thompson had had a touch of gout and the doctors forbade taking alcohol in any form. He looked rather thin and pale, as if from overwork.

Returning I left Mr.Foley at his apartments and he gave me my transportation to Paris that had been secured by his asistant. At the hotel I finished packing up so as to be ready for an early start in ght emorning.

Thursday, Sept.30, clear and bright. The train that left at 10.45 was made up of parlor cars and was badly crowded. We

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(1925, Sept. London.

W--2174.

crossed a beautiful landscape and reached Dover at 12.25. I did not take a cabin on the boat and my baggage was added to a great heap on deck. We had a nice luncheon about 1 p.m. in the dining saloon. Then I sat in a comfortable chair in the smoking room and thought of the beautiful landscape through which I had passed. I went on deck about twenty minutes before the boat reached the French coast. The Channel was calm, smooth, and blue, and many ships were in sight, including several ocean liners, channel steamers, and a fleet of fishing boats with red sails. The coast seemed to be mostly sand dunes. The harbor at Calais is a small one. The beach was lined with little bath houses. There was a rush to get off the boat and I had to wait for a porter. However, I could afford to be patient because I ^{had} a reservation on the new Pullman express, the Fleche d'Or, for Paris, and was soon installed in my compartment. The train followed the coast for a long distance and one caught repeated glimpses of the Channel sea. For an hour or more the country was treeless, very sandy, with much chalk and sandstone, and very poor soil for farming. Some of the grain stubble had already been plowed. I saw a group of men digging potatoes. As we approached Paris there were more trees, mostly poplars that had been mutilated by pruning, better soil, and fields of rutabagas or beets for stock feed. We passed through a succession of villages and manufacturing towns.

We reached Paris at 5.40 p.m. and there was another rush to get out of the station. I succeeded in getting a porter and a taxi and was transferred across the city to the Hotel Lutitia. The desk clerk ~~said~~ said no reservation had been made for me, but he was able to give me a room. It was a nice room and I saw that I would be comfortable. After ordering a bottle of mineral water and one of cognac I went out on the street to look for a supply of cheap cigars.

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(1926, Sept.Paris.

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At 7.30 p.m. I went down to the hotel restaurant, a cheerful place with good music, but soon it became crowded and the service was very slow. The supper was unsatisfactory, but low in price; and the wine was cheap, ^{the} but cigars very expensive. I bought six for 48 francs, which made them cost about 25 cents each. After supper I took a short walk, but the streets were practically deserted and I soon returned to my room to make up my September expense account.

Friday, Oct.1, fair and rather cold. After breakfast I made up the laundry, left some films to be developed, and drove in a taxi to Cook's for some French money. The place was so badly crowded with American and British tourists that I would not wait. I walked to the Place de l'Opera and near it found the office of the American Express. It also was overrun with tourists. I walked across to Lloyd's Bank and exchanged some English money for francs. I had a nice luncheon at the Restaurant de la Paix which was both good and inexpensive. As I was finishing my luncheon a lady at the next table greeted me by name. It was Mrs.Cottrell who had called with her husband at my office in Rome.

I took a taxi to the American Consulate where I met Consul Skinner for a few minutes. He remembered meeting me in London in 1920. I had a longer interview with the Vice-Consul, Mr.Davis, who had one of his assistants arrange by telephone for an interview with M.Le Sage the following Monday. Also an appointment was made with Vice-Consul Cameron, who specialized on agricultural matters, for the next day. I found a batch of letters waiting for me at the Consulate.

From the Consulate I walked to the Louvre. It is an immense structure and covers many city blocks, but I had to walk entirely around it before finding the public entrance. I took a taxi and

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(1926, Oct. Paris.

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I ^a had a nice supper at the Restaurant de la Paix, which was a cheerful place and interesting because of the cosmopolitan character of the guests. They were from all parts of the world and of all nationalities, except French who rarely patronized the place. After supper I walked back as far as the Church of the Madelein, being accosted en route by numerous young women, and there took a taxi to my hotel at 9.30 p.m., and spent the evening writing letters.

Saturday, Oct. 2 fair and cool. After breakfast I opened up the enormous city directory and copied out the names of some of the officials of the Ministry of Agriculture, its street address, and the names of its different bureaus and divisions, as well as the names and addresses of several agricultural societies. Then I had an interview with Mr. Cameron at the Consulate. He talked freely about the agricultural statistics of France and the details of its organization, as well as of the agricultural societies. Then I talked with Mr. Chester Lloyd Jones about general conditions, and with Mr. Green about agricultural statistics. They said that the agricultural statistics of France were compiled mostly by the agricultural societies and commodity organizations and later

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(1926, Oct. Paris.

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"adopted" by the government as "official," so that when they wanted the latest statistics they always applied first to the agricultural societies or commodity organizations rather than to the government. Mr. Green expressed a desire to go with me on my visit to M. LeSage, but courteously withdrew his request when I explained that I had known M. LeSage for many years and we were meeting as old friends, which was partly true. I had a particular reason for wishing to make my interview with M. LeSage a private one, which was that he had opposed the census project from the beginning and had threatened to speak in opposition to it in the General Assembly, on the ground that statistics are government property and should not be disclosed to the public, that they are a part of the national defense, that they are "matiere de politique" of the utmost importance, and so on with true French secretiveness. He had also expressed the belief that other governments would not consent to join in the proposed world census of agriculture. It was partly for this reason that I had planned my itinerary so as to visit most countries of Europe before going to France. I rather expected to have an argument with M. LeSage and felt that I could deal with him better alone than with some one present who did not understand the situation.

After luncheon at the restaurant I proceeded to the Louvre, stopping on route to look at some of the attractive displays in the shop windows. It was 3 p.m. when I found the entrance to the Louvre galleries and they closed at 4 p.m. However, I enjoyed looking at the endless displays of paintings, sculpture, and works of art. I was much fatigued after my long walk and sightseeing and returned to my room for a long nap.

I had supper at the Restaurant de la Paix and was much amused at the efforts of two rather pretty young women to attract my

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attention. I pretended not to see them except casually and as part of the general picture. They smiled pleasantly every time I glanced their way, raised their glasses every time I raised mine, and watched my every movement.

After supper I took a taxi to the Moulin Rouge. I had heard about it but had never seen it, and expected it to be a dance hall, but found it to be a spectacular review, one of the best I had ever seen. The large theater was crowded to capacity. On entering the dimly lighted balcony my foot slipped between the back of the seat in front and the step on which I was standing, and on the sharp edge of the step I scraped about four inches of the skin from a shin, which caused considerable pain during the evening. The music was bright and cheerful and the costumes were in great variety and made beautiful color combinations. The stage dancing was excellent and the audience seemed to be enjoying itself. It was the finest display of shapely legs, well rounded breasts, and symmetrical backs, I had ever seen. Somehow the great number of female performers, their grace, their colorful costumes, and the good music, took away all suggestion of vulgarity and one looked at several hundred shapely women in scanty attire ^c~~much~~ as he would upon a similar number of nude statues in an art gallery. Between the acts some oriental dancers gave an exhibition in a small hall on the same floor. This was of rather low character. The most interesting feature of this exhibition to me was the control the women seemed to have developed over their breast and abdominal muscles. They seemed to be able to twitch them as readily as a horse twitches his skin when a fly lights on him.

After the show ended at midnight I walked out on the street. The crowd in the lobby and in front of the entrance was so dense that it was difficult to get through. I took a short stroll up the

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street and saw a number of cheap restaurants and dance halls, and innumerable women looking for escorts. I stopped at a little table on the sidewalk to have a glass of beer and watch the crowd go by. It was a motly throng, male and female, Parisian parasites, tourists of all nationalities, some in full dress with silk hats, white gloves, and nobby canes, and some in working clothes.. Daylight saving ended at midnight and all clocks were set back an hour. This enabled me to leave the theater at midnight, take a walk, sit awhile, drive across the city nearly two miles, and enter my room before midnight. Before retiring I dressed my wounded leg with dioxygen^e and then covered the raw surfaces with a preparation called "New Skin," which was anything but pleasant; in fact it felt like liquid fire, but made a protective covering that soon ceased to hurt.

Sunday, Oct.3, clear and cool. After breakfast I got a seat on top of a sight-seeing motor bus and rode out to Malmaison and Versailles. It was a ride of about two hours. From the Place de l'Opera and the Place de la Concord the bus went down the Champs Elysees, under the Arch de Triomph, through the outskirts of the city, through Neully, and through miles of streets that were not so clean and imposing as those in the city proper, out to the river full of many barges, along the river for a short distance, *and* past the great power plant that pumps water to Versailles.

Our first stop was at Malmaison, the home of Josephine, where we saw the furniture and many of the personal belongings of Napoleon and Josephine, their two bed rooms, and the trim gardens about the small mansion.

Then we proceeded to Versailles, which is the name of a town as well as of a group of palaces. These palaces are really enormous stone buildings surrounded by extense stone terraces covering

(1926, Oct. Paris)

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many acres of ground and surrounded by a large park, with magnificent trees, vistas, shrubbery, flower gardens, canals, small lakes, many fountains and artificial cascades, and other features of formal landscape architecture. Simply to walk through the succession of ^egrat halls and galleries and ^f glance at the paintings on the walls and the statuary takes much time and is fatiguing.

A quarter or half a mile from Versailles proper is the Trianon where the mistresses of Louis XIV and others played and disported. Among the interesting objects to be seen here in an old stable was a collection of royal coaches, which were really works of art. One of them ~~must~~ have served as a model for the pictures of Cinderella's fairy coach. A short distance from the Trianon is ^a farm with picturesque cottages, a small mill, and other rustic surroundings, where Marie Antoinette tried to live the simple life.

Upon returning to Versailles proper I saw the water turned ^{on} and the fountains and cascades put in operation. It was a ^a spectacular exhibition of what can be done with an ample supply of water and power. The place was crowded with visitors, many of them tourist parties with guides. Sometimes several parties would collect in the same place and the guides would be talking in different languages at the same time and there would be snatches of English, French, German, and Italian.

Before reaching Versailles we stopped at a small hotel by the roadside for luncheon. I sat with a party of three, father, mother, and daughter, from Los Angeles. Both going and returning I was surrounded by American tourists and greatly enjoyed hearing their comments in my own language.

I had supper at the Restaurant de la Paix and enjoyed the bright lights, the music, and the patrons of assorted nationalities. As I was finishing my wine, smoking, and looking about the animated

many acres of ground and surrounded by a large park, with magnificent trees, vistas, shrubbery, flower gardens, canals, small lakes, many fountains and artificial cascades, and other features of formal landscape architecture. Simply to walk through the succession of great halls and galleries and a glance at the paintings on the walls and the statuary takes much time and is fatiguing.

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I had supper at the Restaurant de la Paix and enjoyed the bright lights, the music, and the patrons of assorted nationalities. As I was finishing my wine, smoking, and looking about the animated

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E--2182.

scene with contemplative eyes, one of the young woman I had noticed the evening before strolled up to my table and when I glanced up she smiled encourageingly and ~~xx~~ sat down opposite me. She said she was quite sure we had met before. I bought her a vermouth and teased her to give me a circumstantial account of our former meeting. Nothing daunted she proceeded to describe a rather intimate meeting that she alleged occurred the week I was in Moscow. When I got her well tangled up in dates and places she laughed, shook her curls, and said "But, Monsieur, what difference does it make? We are now acquainted; we are good friends; why can we not go to a theater and then a little supper together, just you and I, and then I take you to my room for the best entertainment of all. Come, we go now." "No, Mademoiselle, I replied, "your invitation has its attractions and I thank you for it, but I cannot accept it for reasons I cannot state; I am desolated that I cannot go with you; I hope you will meet an agreeable gentleman who will appreciate the opportunity to enjoy your company; but I must go." She took her dismissal graciously and with a smile. I was back in my room at 9.30 p.m. and began drafting replies to correspondence.

Monday, Oct. 4, clear and warmer. After breakfast I took a taxi to the Ministry of Agriculture, 78 Rue du Varennes, and after a short wait was admitted to the office of M. Maurice LeSage, the ~~Dr~~ Directeur de l'Agriculture. It was a large, somber room, enlivened^{ne} somewhat by a blazing wood fire. M. LeSage was courteous and friendly in his reception and after some general conversation about the Institute he inquired what progress had been made with the census project. This gave me the opening I desired. I replied, "Very well; better than I had expected. I have visited the capitals^a of ^{nearly} every government in Europe before coming here, large countries and small countries, weak governments and strong governments, and without a

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Monday, Oct. 4, clear and warmer. After breakfast I took a taxi to the Ministry of Agriculture, 78 Rue du Varennes, and after a short wait was admitted to the office of M. Maurice Besse, the Directeur de l'Agriculture. It was a large, somber room, enlivened somewhat by a pleasing wood fire. M. Besse was courteous and friendly in his reception and after some general conversation about the Institute he inquired what progress had been made with the census project. This gave me the opening I desired. I replied, "Very well; better than I had expected. I have visited the capitals of every government in Europe before coming here, large countries and small countries, weak governments and strong governments, and without a

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single exception they have all agreed to cooperate in the proposed agricultural census to the extent of their power and means. Surely La Belle France can do no less?" Surely La Belle France, great and powerful and enlightened as she is, will not resign her leadership in this matter and be the only country in Europe to fail to cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture in this great undertaking. I have never doubted the support and cooperation of France and of the French Ministry of Agriculture, for which reason I visited the other European countries first; but now I come to be assured by you that my confidence was justified, so that I may officially report to the President of the Institute that it may expect the full cooperation of your government in the census project."

This was said in my best French, slowly and distinctly, and with apologies for my atrocious pronunciation and poor grammar. He very graciously assured me that my French was "parfait" and that I might report to the Institute that "La Belle France" would cooperate quite as fully and effectively as any other nation in Europe. And so the opposition and argument I had been led to expect and had looked forward to with some apprehension ~~did not~~ materialize.

However, when I inquired about the agricultural situation and problems in France, and the organization and work of the Ministry of Agriculture, as I had done in other countries, he became noncommittal, evidently not wanting to disclose important secrets of state. He referred me to the chief of the Office of Information, M. Mashfel, whom he sent for and whom I followed. As soon as I stepped inside the office of M. Mashfel I realized that I had been in that very office in 1920. In a period of six years it had not changed in a single detail. There was the same desk in a corner by the window, the same shelves on the walls full of government bulletins, the same long pine table piled high with bulletins, the

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same dust covered heaps of bulletins on the floor, and the same elderly, hopeless looking clerk or assistant pottering about in another corner. Just because not so much as a speck of dust had changed its position in the last six years, every detail of my former visit came back to me quite vividly, as if my memory of it all had been locked up in that room and was suddenly released when the door opened, ^{and} as if I had left the room only the day before; and I remembered clearly and distinctly that on my former visit I had obtained exactly the information I now was about to ask for ^{concerning} ~~about~~ the organization and work of the department of agriculture; and I remembered ~~that~~ the chief of that office was not very communicative on my former visit.

When I asked M. Mashfel politely if he understood English, he replied with almost a snarl, "No, no, no; why should I understand English?" "Because if you understood English, my friend, you would not have to listen to my poor attempts to speak your beautiful language," I replied. *Then*, in my best and most courteous French, I began to ask questions about the organization of the Ministry of Agriculture, what he considered its most pressing problems for the promotion of agriculture, and what the agricultural societies of France were doing to cooperate. He returned such obviously evasive answers in such a discourteous and supercilious manner, that I lost patience. Rising and looking down at him I said quietly, "Messieur, I cannot thank you for giving me the information I asked for, because you have not given it to me but said either that you did not have it or could not give it to me. It is not necessary because all that information in great detail is already in possession of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome and in the U.S. Department of Agriculture at Washington, and in the British Board of Agriculture at London. I simply

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(1926, Oct. Paris.

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wished to verify the information I already had. From your answers I am given to understand that I know more about your department than you do yourself. Listen; another thing for your information: As the official representative of the International Institute of Agriculture, of which your government is a treaty member, I have visited the ministries of agriculture of nearly every country in Europe and have been received with the utmost courtesy and these gentlemen talked of their organization and problems freely. It is only in France that I find an office of the Ministry of Agriculture with a chief who is a barbarian and who says he does not know anything worth knowing about his own office, his own work, or that of the department of which his office is a part; in other words this barbarian has progressed just far enough to know that he is ignorant, which accounts, perhaps, for his unexampled discourtesy. Of course, it will be my disagreeable duty to report ~~your~~ my questions and your answers to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome so that the officials there may judge of the efficiency of ~~the~~ at least one official of the French Ministry of Agriculture. If you wish to make a report on the subject it can be made to my friend, M. LeSage, or to the French Delegate to the Institute, my friend M. Louis Dop, or to the French Ambassador at Rome. Now, that is all. I will not say 'au revoir' because I never wish to see you again. Adieux, Monsieur." I bowed, turned my back and walked out, leaving him sitting rigid at his desk like a petrified statue. Such incidents are not pleasant, but I felt that his discourtesy had been so uncalled for and gratuitous that it deserved a rebuke and I derived a certain amount of satisfaction from administering it. His conduct and answers, and that of the Director, M. LeSage, and of other French officials also, gave me a very poor opinion of the French Department of Agriculture. I felt rather than

(1926, Oct. Paris.

E-2185.

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(1926, Oct. Paris.

E--2186.

knew that they were approaching superannuation and lived in a state of selfcomplacent obsolescence and were simply making inefficient gestures in an ancient routine groove and their only energy was that of inertia, and one manifestation of inertia was discourtesy at being disturbed.

After luncheon I went to Lloyd's Bank to buy some French money. I had some coins which the cashier would not accept. I asked why it was that banks generally refused to exchange currency for metal money. He said that in France no one is allowed to export gold or silver or any kind of French money in excess of 5,000 francs to any European country, or more than 10,000 francs to the United States, and therefore the banks do not wish to accumulate metal money. He said this law was probably due to the desire of the French government to retain control over its nationals who, if money could be exported, would promptly transfer their balances to the banks of other countries and the government would lose its control.

Then I went to the Ministry of Colonies, 25 Rue Oudmet, and met the Director, M.Regismenset. He was very cordial and readily agreed to write to the proper officials of all the colonies and dependencies of France and urge them to cooperate in the agricultural census. Then he sent for and introduced M.Prudhome, Directeur de l'Institut de Agronomie Colonial, whom I had met at the last General Assembly in Rome. He also promised full and complete cooperation. Together we discussed some of the difficulties encountered in tropical countries. I had to decline the cordial invitation of M.Prudhome to visit his school of tropical agriculture for lack of time.

I spent the rest of the day and evening writing. The day had been somewhat trying, but I felt that it was a successful one

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Then I went to the Ministry of Colonies, 22 rue Orléans, and met the Director, M. Rasmussen. He was very cordial and readily agreed to write to the proper officials of all the colonies and dependencies of France and urge them to cooperate in the agricultural census. Then he sent for and introduced M. Prudhomme, Director de l'Institut de l'Agriculture Coloniale, whom I had met at the last General Assembly in Rome. He also promised full and complete cooperation. Together we discussed some of the difficulties encountered in tropical countries. I had to decline the cordial invitation of M. Prudhomme to visit his school of tropical agriculture for lack of time.

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(1926, Oct. Paris.

E--~~2186~~x 2187

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(Wife, Oct. 4, ~~Gray~~ folder.

(Sauter, same.

(Thelma, same.

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(Wife, Oct. 4, 1926, 1927 folder.)

(Sauter, same.)

(Thelma, same.)

(1926, Oct. Paris.

E--2188.

Tuesday, Oct. 5, fair, hazy, variable temperature. After breakfast I called at the American Embassy and Mr. Green agreed to accompany me to see the president of the association of French farmers in the afternoon. Then I called at the offices of the International Education Board and was told that Prof. Hutchinson was in Norway and that Dean Mann had returned to the United States. I talked with Prof. Hutchinson's Secretary, who expressed a desire to become my assistant. Then I had a talk with Prof. Trowbridge, who was in charge of the scientific scholarships for the Board. He said that he had been five years working up an international agreement to regulate time by means of radio messages around the world by means of which correct longitude could be measured. He ^{also} said also that this would affect the theory of geologists ~~to the effect~~ that the western coasts of continents are stationary, while the eastern coasts are pushed back by the revolution of the earth. He expressed great interest in my opinion of Esthonia's capacity to become self-supporting agriculturally because the International Education Board was considering a rather ambitious program to establish a university in that country.

After luncheon and a nap I drove with Mr. Green to the Societe des Agriculteurs de France, 1 Rue d'Athens, and had a very satisfactory interview with its permanent secretary, M. Henri ^PAitier. Unfortunately M. ^PAitier was called away to another department. Next we called at the Federation National des Associations Agricoles, ~~only to~~ ^{and} learn ^{ed} that its general secretary visits his office ^{only} between the hours of 9 a.m. and 12 m. daily. Then we drove across the city to the Academie d'Agriculture, where we expected to find M. ^PAitier, but he had departed. However, I explained the census project of the Institute to his secretary and expressed the hope that we might have the cooperation of all agricultural agencies in France. When

Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1926, Paris, France.

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(1926, Oct. Paris.

E--2189.

I asked for information about the organization, history, and work or objects of the Academy he gave me a pamphlet answering all my questions.

I had supper at the Restaurant de la Paix, as usual, and then went to the Folies Bergere, which was not as entertaining to me as the Moulin Rouge. The street outside was swarming with street walkers of the feminine gender who, to say the least, were both enterprising and persistent. So persistent that, although I evaded several in crossing the street to a cab, one of them followed me in before I could close the door. She was a pretty young woman modestly dressed in black. She took a seat beside me before I knew what was happening, leaned against me, threw her arms about my neck, kissed me, and announced in endearing tones "Mon cheri, I am yours; where you go I go; is it not so?" Untwining her arms I said brutally, because I was a little impatient and wanted to get rid of her, "~~Nein~~ "Nein, nein, Fraulein, es verboten; nein, nein, raus mit em." It worked, as with a look of startled surprise she vacated her seat at my side.

Wednesday, Oct. 6, clear and hot. After breakfast I drove to Cook's to buy some money and transportation to Berne, Switzerland. The place was badly crowded and I had a long wait. Then to the Embassy for mail and to leave a forwarding address. ^{Next} Then to the post-office to send telegrams to the Institute, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and to the head of the department of economics at Berne. I spent the afternoon and evening inspecting shop windows and writing letters.

Thursday, Oct. 7, raining and warm. I was up at 6.30 a.m., had an early breakfast and had my baggage brought down. Then came a long wait for a statement of my account. It appeared that the bookkeeper had to telephone the head waiter who had to make up his

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I had supper at the Restaurant de la Paix, as usual, and then went to the Police Bureau, which was not as entertaining to me as the Moulin Rouge. The street outside was awning with street-walkers of the feminine gender who, to say the least, were both entertaining and persistent. So persistent that, although I evaded several in crossing the street to a cab, one of them followed me in before I could close the door. She was a pretty young woman modestly dressed in black. She took a seat beside me before I knew what was happening, leaned against me, threw her arms about my neck, kissed me, and announced in endearing tones "Mon chéri, I am yours; where you go I go; is it not so?" Untwining her arms I said brutally, because I was a little impatient and wanted to get rid of her, "Nein, nein, Traveler, as verboten; nein, nein, raus mit em." It worked, as with a look of startled surprise she vacated her seat at my side.

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Thursday, Oct. 7, raining and warm. I was up at 8.30 a.m., had an early breakfast and had my baggage brought down. Then came a long wait for a statement of my account. It appeared that the bookkeeper had to telephone the head writer who had to make up his

(1926, Oct. Paris-Berne.

E--2190.

account in duplicate, all of which took nearly half an hour. Then came the ceremony of tipping all the help that got in my way between the desk and the taxi outside, ~~and~~ about ten in all. We crossed the city on wet pavements to the Gare de Lyon and ^gwas soon settled in a comfortable compartment.

The first twenty or thirty miles out of Paris we passed many villages and considerable areas of market gardens, and then through a section of apple orchards, followed by a section of open farming country, which was succeeded by areas in forest, mostly of oak and elm. It was a very attractive country to look at. The railway followed the Seine, a small, placid stream, with frequent dams and locks. I ^twinds through a small depression and is bordered by willows and poplars. Fifty miles or more from Paris the country becomes hilly, with much limestone, some of it almost as white as chalk. In the next fifty miles one begins to see vineyards and many stacks of wheat. The foliage of most of the trees and shrubs and the grass was still green, but the leaves of the poplars and grapevines were beginning to change color. I noticed a Virginia creeper that was a bright scarlet.

At 1 p.m. we reached Dijon and were passing through a hilly limestone region along the side of a beautiful valley with many good farms. The river followed a neat canal full of blue water with a row of poplar trees on each side.

Soon after leaving Paris a waiter came through and asked if I wanted breakfast, but said nothing about tickets. I said I did not want breakfast but would want dinner. When the second call came for luncheon at 12.30 p.m. I went forward to the dining car, but found all seats occupied. The headwaiter refused to give me a ticket for a seat, or to send anything to my compartment, or to sell me some bread and wine. This meant that I could get nothing

account in duplicate, all of which took nearly half an hour. Then came the ceremony of tipping all the help that got in my way between the desk and the taxi outside, which about ten in all. We crossed the city on wet pavements to the Gare de Lyon and was soon settled in a comfortable compartment.

The first twenty or thirty miles out of Paris we passed many villages and considerable areas of market gardens, and then through a section of apple orchards, followed by a section of open farming country, which was succeeded by areas in forest, mostly of oak and elm. It was a very attractive country to look at. The railway followed the Seine, a small, placid stream, with frequent dams and locks. I winds through a small depression and is bordered by willows and poplars. Fifty miles or more from Paris the country becomes hilly, with much limestone, some of it almost as white as chalk. In the next fifty miles one begins to see vineyards and many stacks of wheat. The foliage of most of the trees and shrubs and the grass was still green, but the leaves of the poplars and grapevines were beginning to change color. I noticed a Virginia creeper that was a bright scarlet.

At 1 p.m. we reached Dijon and were passing through a hilly limestone region along the side of a beautiful valley with many good farms. The river followed a neat canal full of blue water with a row of poplar trees on each side.

Soon after leaving Paris a waiter came through and asked if I wanted breakfast, but said nothing about tickets. I said I did not want breakfast but would want dinner. When the second call came for luncheon at 12.50 p.m. I went forward to the dining car, but found all seats occupied. The headwaiter refused to give me a ticket for a seat, or to send anything to my compartment, or to sell me some bread and wine. This meant that I could get nothing

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to ~~eat~~^{eat} on the train until evening. However, at Dijon I saw a man on the platform with a pushcart and from him procured a sandwich, a bunch of grapes, a bar of chocolate, and a small bottle of wine so that I dined luxuriously in the privacy of my compartment.

After passing through a fairly level country of good farms, mostly devoted to the growing of sugar beets, we came to Dauville at 2.20 p.m. A bright spot seen before reaching Dauville was a fine large tree covered with scarlet Virginia creeper in a meadow. Before reaching Jura at 3.30 p.m. the train climbed up the side of a mountain from which one could look over a broad expanse of low lying country as far as the distant horizon. It seemed to be a country of forests. The country about Jura is one of meadows and groves and tracts of fir trees. Very few people were to be seen either in the fields or in the villages through which we passed. We reached Pontalier at 4.30 p.m. where ~~passports~~ and ~~baggage~~^{baggage} were examined by both French and Swiss officials. The examination of the Swiss officials was especially thorough and when I asked what they were looking for particularly they said money, especially gold and silver. The young man who looked through my baggage was greatly interested in a small pouch in which I kept the loose small change left on my hands in passing from one country to another. They had accumulated and represented many countries. He called his colleague into consultation and they listened to my explanation of how the coins came into my possession. None of the coins were of gold, a few were of silver, and most of them were of copper or some alloy of copper or nickel. Finally they decided to let me keep my treasure-- I suspect because they had no means of determining its value. At this point we set our watches back one hour.

We reached Neuchatel at 7.15 p.m. after dark. The train seemed to be passing through upland valleys with mountains on both

egg

to get on the train until evening. However, at Dijon I saw a man on the platform with a pushcart and from him procured a sandwich, a bunch of grapes, a bar of chocolate, and a small bottle of wine so that I dined luxuriously in the privacy of my compartment.

After passing through a fairly level country of good farms, mostly devoted to the growing of sugar beets, we came to Darnville at 2.30 p.m. A bright spot seen before reaching Darnville was a fine large tree covered with scarlet Virginia creeper in a meadow. Before reaching Jura at 3.30 p.m. the train climbed up the side of a mountain from which one could look over a broad expanse of low lying country as far as the distant horizon. It seemed to be a country of forests. The country about Jura is one of meadows and groves and tracts of fir trees. Very few people were to be seen either in the fields or in the villages through which we passed.

We reached Pontarlier at 4.30 p.m. where passports and bags were examined by both French and Swiss officials. The examination of the Swiss officials was especially thorough and when I asked what they were looking for particularly they said money, especially gold and silver. The young man who looked through my baggage was greatly interested in a small pouch in which I kept the loose small change left on my hands in passing from one country to another. They had accumulated and represented many countries. He called his colleagues into consultation and they listened to my explanation of how the coins came into my possession. None of the coins were of gold, a few were of silver, and most of them were of copper or some alloy of copper or nickel. Finally they decided to let me keep my treasure-- I suspect because they had no means of determining its value. At this point we set our watches back one hour.

We reached Neuchatel at 7.15 p.m. after dark. The train seemed to be passing through upland valleys with mountains on both

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sides. *HP* We reached Berne at 8.30 p.m. A porter carried my luggage from the station across the street to the ⁱSwitzer Hotel and I was given a double room with bath. After washing up I went down to the dining room and ordered fried frogs legs, boiled potatoes, Brussels sprouts, bread and butter, a bottle of wine, and five cigars, which cost me 11.25 francs, or about \$3.00. The frogs legs were a disappointment, being rather transparent and glutinous, and my curiosity being satisfied I decided that never again would I order frogs legs. The wine was the most expensive item on the list, and not especially good, so I decided that while in Switzerland I would drink beer. I stepped outside for a moment, but saw that the street was not very well lighted and it was cold, so I returned to my room to retire early.

Friday, Oct. 8, clouds, rain, and sunshine. After breakfast I called on the American Consul, who was not very clear in his mind as to the statistical organization of Switzerland, although he understood perfectly that Dr. Lauer was head of the Union Suisse des Paysans and was a power in all matters relating to agriculture, and ^a~~the~~ when he formulated a program the government usually adopted it. He said that the headquarters of the organization of which Dr. Lauer was head was near Zurich, the largest city in Switzerland. He said that the government was trying to encourage the growing of wheat, especially in the high table lands of the north. He instructed one of his assistants to accompany me to the Department of Agriculture, Commerce, and Industry, where I met Dr. Kappel, Chief of the Division of Agriculture, and his assistant, Mr. Koenig. *HP* These ^g~~gentlemen~~ informed me that an interdepartmental committee had been formed especially to consider the census project and that the Institute could count on their cooperation. In answer to my questions they said that Switzerland had succeeded in developing a thriving

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 from the station across the street to the Swiss Hotel and I was
 sides. We reached Bern at 8.15 p.m. A porter carried my luggage

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livestock and dairy industry; that because of the difficulty in obtaining wheat during the war the government was trying to encourage the growing of more wheat; that there is no problem of large estates in Switzerland, but a considerable problem arising from the minute subdivision of the land, and that so far their only solution had been to organize these small land holders into cooperative groups so that they could own and operate cooperatively farm machinery. ^HMr. Koenig and I walked to the Ministry of Finance and had a very satisfactory interview with M. Ney, Director of the Central Bureau of Statistics, and one of his assistants, both members of the special committee that had worked on the census project. They showed me a copy of the form of census questionnaire ^athat had been ⁿagreed upon for Switzerland, but it was in German which I could not read critically, and at my request they promised to have it translated into French and sent to my Rome office. It was much more in detail than the form proposed by the Institute, especially with respect to fruit trees, poultry, and dairy production. They proposed to show me an agricultural school in the afternoon and I consented.

After luncheon I took a short walk for some photographs. At 3 p.m. Dr. Ney and Dr. Koenig called for me in a large autocar and we were driven some miles out into the country to a model agricultural school. The school occupied an ideal situation on a hill in the center of a tract of 60 hectares (about 150 acres), mostly in grass, with a small forest of beech, elm, and fir trees. The buildings were quite extensive, neat and bright in color, with many windows, and well lighted rooms and corridors and stairways, and commanded a superb view of the Bernese Alps. First we had an interview with the white-haired director, a German of the Prussian type. The school was established in 1913 and was the largest of five in the Canton of

lives and dairy industry; that because of the difficulty in obtaining wheat during the war the government was trying to encourage the growing of more wheat; that there is no problem of large estates in Switzerland, but a considerable problem arising from the minute subdivision of the land, and that as far as their only solution had been to organize these small land holders into cooperative groups so that they could own and operate cooperatively farm machinery. Mr. Koenig and I walked to the Ministry of Finance and had a very satisfactory interview with M. Wey, Director of the Central Bureau of Statistics, and one of his assistants, both members of the special committee that had worked on the census project. They showed me a copy of the form of census questionnaire that had been agreed upon for Switzerland, but it was in German which I could not read critically, and at my request they promised to have it translated into French and sent to my Rome office. It was much more in detail than the form proposed by the Institute, especially with respect to fruit trees, poultry, and dairy production. They proposed to show me an agricultural school in the afternoon and I consented.

After luncheon I took a short walk for some photographs. At 5 p.m. Dr. Wey and Dr. Koenig called for me in a large autocar and we were driven some miles out into the country to a model agricultural school. The school occupied an ideal situation on a hill in the center of a tract of 60 hectares (about 150 acres), mostly in grass, with a small forest of beech, elm, and fir trees. The buildings were quite extensive, neat and bright in color, with many windows, and well lighted rooms and corridors and stairways, and commanded a superb view of the Bernese Alps. First we had an interview with the white-haired director, a German of the Prussian type. The school was established in 1913 and was the largest of five in the Canton of

(1926, Oct., Berne.

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Berne. I was told there are twenty-five cantons in Switzerland and thrity-three of these agricultural schools. These schools gave two courses of six months each annually so as to permit the students, young men and women from 16 to 18, to spend alternately six months in school and six months in practical work at home for a period of years. The boys did practically all the manual labor on the school farm and the girls the domestic (science) work in the buildings, dairy, and gardens. We were shown over the entire establishment. First we were shown the sewing room, a large, bright sunny room with windows on all sides, a blackboard, sample designs, sewing machines, and the like. Adjoining it was another room for general instruction. Another room contained specimens, botanical, mineral, birds, skeletons, insects, and so on; and a most attractive and interesting museum it was. Then the chemical laboratory, and the dormitories, those occupied by the boys and those assigned to the girls, and the rooms of the instructors--all spacious, airy, well lighted, and the last word in neatness. The matron, wife of the director, expressed regret that this was cleaning day and most of the female students were busy as bees scrubbing the floors, wiping the walls, and polishing the furniture. They were all sturdy looking young women, mostly fair with blue eyes and freckled faces. Outside we went through the gardens in which were pears trained on stakes according to the "espalier" system and loaded with fine fruit. Through the center of the garden ran an arched arbor of pear trees trained in this way, much like vines. Next we inspected the barns, saw potatoes being washed in a mechanical washer, cooked, chopped^p, and put into a silo for pigs. In one of the barns were a number of enormous cream and white colored Emental cows. Forty-five of these magnificent creatures were being milked, and an equal number of liquid-eyed heifers were in nearby stalls. We were shown through the

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residence of the director and his wife, a spacious, attractive cottage, surrounded by a velvety lawn, flowers and shrubs. Returning to the main building we were shown into the plain but shining dining room and had some newly baked bread made by the girl students, some delicious butter and cheese also made by them, some fresh apple cider which was very good, and some sour wine which I did not like.

We took our departure just at sunset. The towering snowclad peaks of the Bernese Alps were in sight all the afternoon, but the highest of all, the Jungfrau, which soars up into the sky to a height of 12,000 feet, was partially concealed by mist. This whole range gives one the impression of great and inaccessible heights because of its steep slopes, sharp peaks, and deep valleys. They were very beautiful when tinged by the rays of the setting sun.

Not far from the agricultural school was a large asylum for the insane, which also has a farm attached that is operated by the inmates. From the school we were driven for many miles through a most beautiful country and returned to Berne by a circuitous route over excellent roads. The neat little villages were close together, some of them almost touching each other. The whole country is indescribably beautiful; ~~such~~ mountains and valleys, hills and dales, & luxuriant grass and clover, beautiful dwellings and forests of magnificent trees, fields cultivated like gardens which were heavily fertilized. The most interesting feature to me was the farm houses which were fairly close together in hamlets and villages. The dwelling, the barn, and all out buildings are ~~usually~~^{mostly} under one roof, which usually projects far out at the ends or gables and at the sides. The end of the building nearest the road is used as a dwelling, back of which and a part of the same building is the barn. Often there is nothing to indicate where the dwelling ends and the barn begins, ^{except} the lack of curtains and the location of the manure

residence of the director and his wife, a spacious, attractive cottage, surrounded by a velvety lawn, flowers and shrubs. Returning to the main building we were shown into the plain but shining dining room and had some newly baked bread made by the girl students, some delicious butter and cheese also made by them, some fresh apple cider which was very good, and some sour wine which I did not like. We took our departure just at sunset. The towering snow-capped peaks of the Bernese Alps were in sight all the afternoon, but the highest of all, the Jungfrau, which soars up into the sky to a height of 15,000 feet, was partially concealed by mist. This whole range gives one the impression of great and inaccessible heights because of its steep slopes, sharp peaks, and deep valleys. They were very beautiful when tinged by the rays of the setting sun. Not far from the agricultural school was a large asylum for the insane, which also has a farm attached that is operated by the inmates. From the school we were driven for many miles through a most beautiful country and returned to Bern by a circuitous route over excellent roads. The neat little villages were close together, some of them almost touching each other. The whole country is indescribably beautiful; green mountains and valleys, hills and dales, luxuriant grass and clover, beautiful dwellings and forests of magnificent trees, fields cultivated like gardens which were heavily fertilized. The most interesting feature to me was the farm houses which were fairly close together in hamlets and villages. The dwelling, the barn, and all out buildings are usually under one roof, which usually projects far out at the ends or gables and at the sides. The end of the building nearest the road is used as a dwelling, back of which and a part of the same building is the barn. Often there is nothing to indicate where the dwelling ends and the barn begins, the lack of curtains and the location of the manure

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pile at the rear, and the grass plot and flower garden in front. While all these houses are constructed according to the same general plan all are different in some of their features, each having been built by the peasant owner himself or by his ancestors, each following his own fancy in the matter of ornamentation. Many of them were unpainted and the natural wood had weathered to a reddish or brownish tinge that is soft and agreeable to the eye. Also there was much handcarving of the woodwork. Some of the dwellings in the villages near Berne evidently belonged to people who did not farm, because of the lack of a barn section; in fact they were simply neat little bungalows. Always they had a flower garden in front, flowers on the porticoes and in the windows, so that the houses, grounds, roads and streets in every direction were bright with flowers. Another attractive feature of Switzerland was the musical sound of bells attached to cows, the bells being of different shapes and sizes, and at dusk the air was full of musical notes and tinklings-- nothing like the raucous sounds of the crude cowbells used in America. I have seen nothing in any other country prettier, neater, cleaner or finer than the outward aspect of farm and village life in Switzerland.

Dr. Ney ^asaid the tops of the Alps are white with snow the entire year and that the country is under a blanket of snow from about the middle of December until the middle of February, that Berne is about 1,200 feet above sea level, and that malaria is unknown.

It had been a busy day and I was glad to reach the hotel at 6 p.m., because the last hour of our ride was in a chilly atmosphere and semidarkness. Dr. Ney was good enough to telephone to Brugg to ascertain the whereabouts of Dr. Lauer. I had a nice supper with a grilled fish cooked with a piece of fat meat fried to a crisp on top of it, which added both to the appearance and the flavor of the

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(1926, Oct. Berne.

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fish. I took a short stroll after supper and noted that not a single disreputable person was to be seen on the streets.

Saturday^e, Oct. 9, light rain. Had breakfast in my room. At 9 a.m. Dr. ~~Nay~~^e called to say that a friend was going to Zurich who would telephone from there to Dr. Lauer that I would be in Zurich the following Monday and if he could not see me that day his friend would telephone. Then Dr. Koenig called and we boarded a street car that took us to the outskirts of the city and a short walk brought us to the ~~Central~~ Experiment Station at Liebefeld where I met Director Schmidt. We were shown over the laboratories and the experimental fields and plots. Among the interesting results obtained at the station was that silage without maize affects injuriously the quality of Emental cheese. Much of their experimental work naturally and properly related to dairying and covered a wide range of subjects, such as animal breeding, nutrition, production of forage, handling of milk and the making of butter and cheese. When we reached the residence of the director at one end of the large barn a black and tan collie dog welcomed me effusively and followed me wherever I went like a long lost friend. It's curious how human beings like to be noticed by dogs and babies. In this case there was no mistaking the look of affection and worship in the dog's eyes. He protested in every way a dog could at parting and seemed inconsolable. I have no doubt that if not prevented he would have adopted me as his master and joined me in my travels. Conversation was entirely in French on my part and in French or German on the part of my companions. Dr. Schmidt expressed his admiration of the agricultural research work that had been done in the United States in recent years, which he said was far more extensive and superior to anything than^t had been done in Germany during the same period.

Dr. Koenig and I returned in a bus and separated at the railway

I took a short stroll after supper and noted that not a single person was to be seen on the streets.

Saturday, Oct. 2, light rain. Had breakfast in my room. At 9 a.m. Dr. N. Y. called to say that a friend was going to Berlin who would telephone from there to Dr. J. J. that I would be in Berlin the following Monday and if he could not see me that day his friend would

telephone. Then Dr. Koenig called and we boarded a street car that took us to the outskirts of the city and a short walk brought us to the Central Experiment Station at Mischefeld where I met Dr. Schmidt. We were shown over the laboratories and the experimental fields and plots. Among the interesting results obtained at the station was that silage without maize affects injuriously the quality of animal cheese. Much of their experimental work naturally and properly related to dairying and covered a wide range of subjects, such as animal breeding, nutrition, production of forage, handling of milk and the making of butter and cheese. When we reached the residence of the director at one end of the large farm a black and tan collie dog welcomed me enthusiastically and followed me wherever I went like a long lost friend. Its curious how human beings like to be noticed by dogs and babies. In this case there was no mistaking the look of affection and worship in the dog's eyes. He protested in every way a dog could at getting and seemed inconsolable. I have no doubt that if not prevented he would have adopted me as his master and joined me in my travels. Conversation was entirely in French on my part and in French or German on the part of my companions. Dr. Schmidt expressed his admiration of the agricultural research work that had been done in the United States in recent years, which he said was far more extensive and superior to anything that had been done in Germany during the same period.

Dr. Koenig and I returned in a bus and separated at the railway

(1926, Oct. Berne.

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station from which I walked to the hotel.

After luncheon I walked across ~~xxx~~the bridge to the historical museum on the other side of the river from the main part of the city. It had a large collection of stone and copper implements, articles of clothing, characteristic costumes, articles of home manufacture, rooms fitted up in the old style, an old kitchen, and a fine collection of ancient and modern arms. I noted that the ancient copper implements, such as knives, spoons, forks, fish hooks, and the like, were of the ~~same~~^{same} general shape and style as those in ~~use~~^{use} today. I saw some very old cowbells as large as water buckets.

On leaving the museum I followed a steep path and steps down the side of the cliff overlooking the river and took some pictures. I was much fatigued on reaching the hotel at 4 p.m. and lay down and slept soundly until 7 o'clock. After addressing some post cards I went down to the restaurant and purposely took a seat in another situation in the hope that I would have a more intelligent and human waitress, and was successful. I enjoyed an excellent steak and potato supper with half a bottle of Grave's wine. At some of the tables people were playing cards and I enjoyed watching their faces. There were many tables and much good cheer. At some of the tables sat elderly men with enormous paunches, red faces, laughing and joking heartily, ^{who} made remarks and winked at the waitresses, and ^{were} having a good time without any thought of dignity.

The population of Berne impressed me as being predominately German. Their appearance, language, newspapers, wines, customs, and street signs, were German.

Sunday, Oct. 10, raining and cold. I left on the 10.25 train for Zurich. Because of the rain I could see nothing but a dim landscape, some towns, and little railway stations.. I was told at the hotel that the city had enjoyed three months of clear weather

station from which I walked to the hotel.

After lunch I walked across the bridge to the station-

and museum on the other side of the river from the main part of the city. It had a large collection of stone and copper implements, articles of clothing, characteristic costumes, articles of home manufacture, rooms fitted up in the old style, an old kitchen, and a fine collection of ancient and modern arms. I noted that the ancient copper implements, such as knives, spoons, forks, fish hooks, and the like, were of the same general shape and style as those in use today. I saw some very old cowbells as large as water buckets.

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The population of Bernese impressed me as being predominantly German. Their appearance, language, newspapers, wines, customs, and street signs, were German.

Sunday, Oct. 20, raining and cold. I left on the 10.25 train for Zurich. Because of the rain I could see nothing but a dim landscape, some towns, and little railway stations. I was told at the hotel that the city had enjoyed three months of clear weather

(1926, Oct. Bern-Zurich.

E--2199.

and only the last two days had it rained. [#] Upon recommendation of the train porter I went to the National Hotel in Zurich. I was assigned to a large and well furnished room with bath, the charge being about \$3.50 per day without meals. I had a disappointing luncheon at 2.20 p.m. and then took a walk along the principal street for about half a mile until I came to the lake. I judged that the lake would be beautiful in bright weather, but in the rain it was rather depressing. Returning to the hotel, I had a nap. On awaking it was so gloomy and cold that I walked across to the railway station where there were some signs of life and some bright electric lights. I stopped at a newsstand to buy some ^pst cards and heard a gentleman ask for an Italian newspaper and the girl in charge said that the sale of Italian newspapers in Switzerland was prohibited by law. I asked why? Her answer was brief and to the point, "Mussolini." When I went out on the street I met a procession with six ^{or} ~~A~~ eight brass bands. That helped to dispell some of the gloom. I continued my walk across a bridge and saw many people walking about in a narrow crooked street. Further exploration showed the street to be lined with barrooms. I entered one to see what it looked like inside. It was crowded with many men and a few women and children. There were four or five rather good looking barmaids, stout, well developed, with black hair cut short. Music was furnished by a violin, an accordion, a piano, and a drum. The little orchestra played almost continuously and while their music was rather noisy it was at least gloom dispelling. There were a number of old men who had drunk too much beer and inclined to be silly. After finding a seat, drinking a glass of beer, and smoking a cigar, and watching the scene about me, I returned to the hotel to write letters. [#] At 7.30 I went across to the railway restaurant and had a nice grilled steak, fried potatoes, white bread and butter, some

and only the last two days had it rained. Upon recommendation of the train porter I went to the National Hotel in Zurich. I was assigned to a large and well furnished room with bath, the charge being about \$1.50 per day without meals. I had a disappointing luncheon at 2.30 p.m. and then took a walk along the principal street for about half a mile until I came to the lake. I judged that the lake would be beautiful in bright weather, but in the rain it was rather depressing. Returning to the hotel, I had a nap. On awaking it was so gloomy and cold that I walked across to the railway station where there were some signs of life and some bright electric lights. I stopped at a newsstand to buy some post cards and heard a gentleman ask for an Italian newspaper and the girl in charge said that the sale of Italian newspapers in Switzerland was prohibited by law. I asked why? Her answer was brief and to the point, "Mussolini." When I went out on the street I met a procession with six or eight brass bands. That helped to dispel some of the gloom. I continued my walk across a bridge and saw many people walking about in a narrow crooked street. Further exploration showed the street to be lined with beer-houses. I entered one to see what it looked like inside. It was crowded with many men and a few women and children. There were four or five rather good looking barmaids, stout, well developed, with black hair cut short. Music was furnished by a violin, an accordion, a piano, and a drum. The little orchestra played almost continuously and while their music was rather noisy it was at least gloom dispelling. There were a number of old men who had drunk too much beer and inclined to be silly. After finding a seat, drinking a glass of beer, and smoking a cigar and watching the scene about me, I returned to the hotel to write letters. At 7.30 I went across to the railway restaurant and had a nice grilled steak, fried potatoes, white bread and butter, some

(1926, Oct. Zurich.

E--2200.

cheese, and a half bottle of wine. It was a cheerful place and for a time I could forget the depressing rain and cold. Before I had finished a young woman came to my table and took a seat opposite. I suspected she was a professional travelling woman because of the primness and decision with which she took possession of the seat and the severity of her expression effectually inhibited any desire to engage in conversation with her, so we never spoke.

After supper I repaired to the crooked street and entered one of the music halls where I heard three female artists sing an opera. I had a glass of beer, smoked, and listened to the music. It was all excellent and I was cheered by the prevailing good humor. From this place I went to a beer hall equipped with a player piano and got some amusement in watching a tipsy man who sat near me.. He seemed to encounter almost insuperable difficulties in raising his glass of beer to his ^P ~~lips~~ and even great ^{er} difficulty in paying his bill. In a third music hall I sat awhile and watched a man spending money with reckless abandon in buying wine for one of the barmaids who was exceptionally pretty but who treated him with the utmost contempt and scorn. The proprietor of the place came to my table, bowed, and took a seat opposite. He talked a variety of German that I could not understand. I simply responded from time to time, "Ya, ya," which seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to him. For he kept on talking with much animation.

Out on the street a tall, distinguished looking well dressed gentleman with silk hat, gloves, and cane, approached me, bowed low three times, and departed without ^{saying} ~~saying~~ anything. I responded in like manner, of course, but wondered what it was all about.

The next hall I entered was bursting with hilarity. As I entered two extremely solemn looking gentlemen danced down the middle of the hall and back with their coat-tails flapping, amid

cheese, and a half bottle of wine. It was a cheerful place and for a time I could forget the depressing rain and cold. Before I had finished a young woman came to my table and took a seat opposite. I suspected she was a professional travelling woman because of the grimness and decision with which she took possession of the seat and the severity of her expression effectually inhibited any desire to engage in conversation with her, so we never spoke.

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The next hall I entered was bursting with hilarity. As I entered two extremely solemn looking gentlemen danced down the middle of the hall and back with their coat-tails flapping, and

(1926, Oct. Zurich.

E--2201.

amid much laughter and applause. There were many comical drunks but absolutely no disorder. It was simply a roomfull of good natured men and a few women drinking, playing cards, listening to the music, smoking, occasionally dancing, and evidently enjoying themselves. There were no lewd pictures on the walls, no misbehavior of any kind, and the music was classical or of the folk sort.

In these places the men seemed to range all the way from working men in one of them to merchants and professional men in another. I returned to the hotel thinking that Zurich was not such a dreary place as I had first thought it.

(Mother Oct.10, ~~gray~~ folder.

1928, Oct. 10, Zurich.

4-2801.

and much laughter and applause. There were many comical drinks but absolutely no disorder. It was simply a roomful of good natured men and a few women drinking, playing cards, listening to the music, smoking, occasionally dancing, and evidently enjoying themselves. There were no few pictures on the walls, no misbehavior of any kind, and the music was classical or of the folk sort. In these places the men seemed to range all the way from working men in one of them to merchants and professional men in another. I returned to the hotel thinking that Zurich was not such a dreary place as I had first thought it.

(Mother Oct. 10, Zurich folder.)